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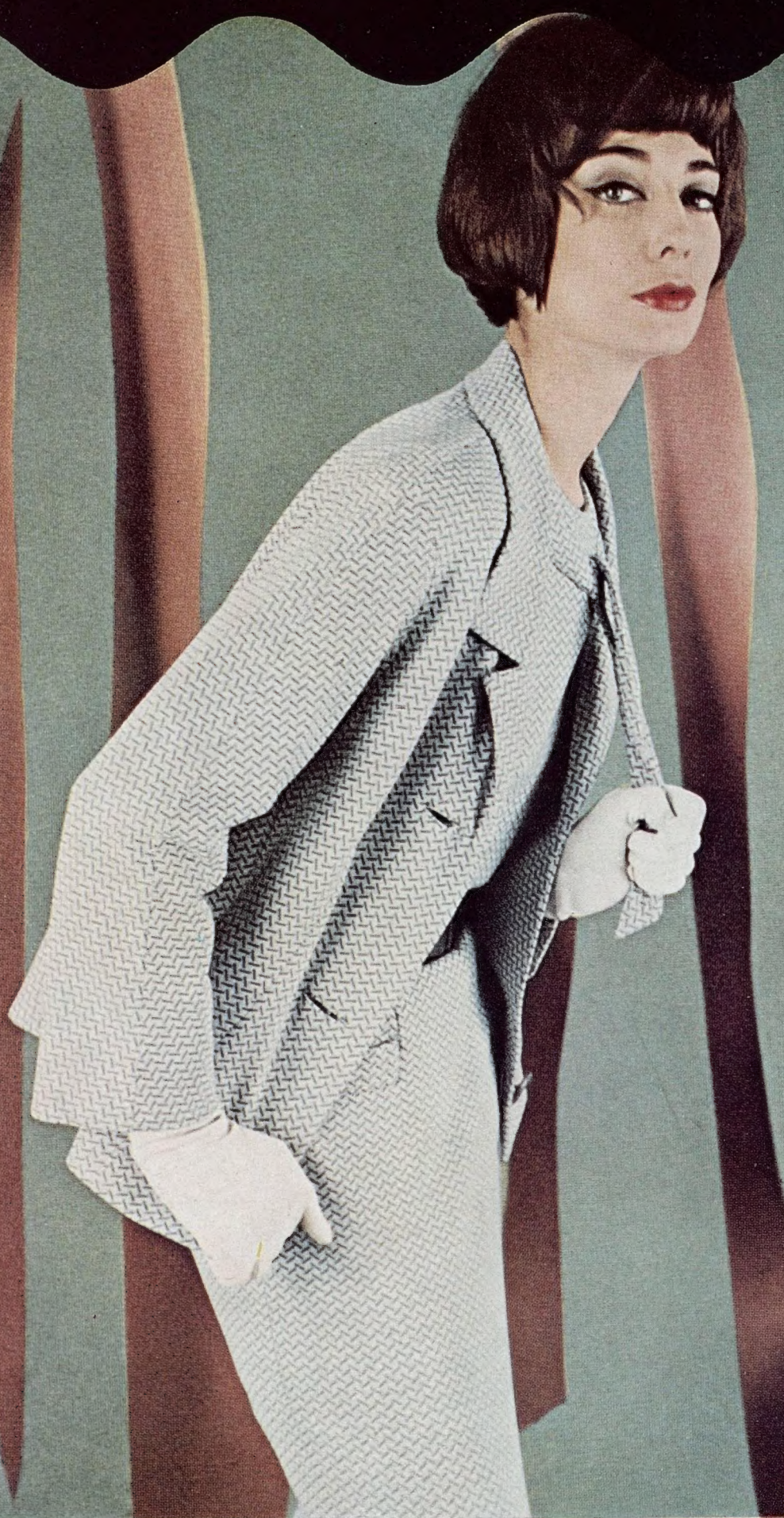
Tattler

ITALIAN VISIT NUMBER

& Bystander 2s. weekly 3 May 1961

The new Roman conquest
Diana Graves on the life
Resort wear from Italy

'Terylene' makes top dress news— with 'CRIMPLENE' jersey



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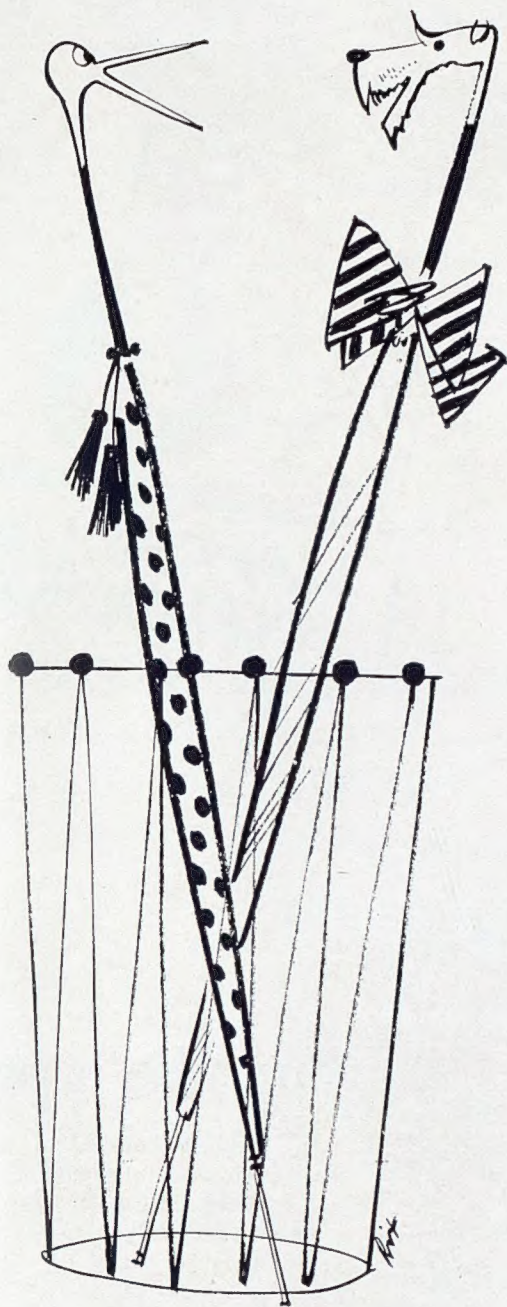
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Right: CURTIS, an agile loose-limbed skirt with adjustable waistband, twin pockets. Its claim to fame is that it was chosen for the British Isles Women's Golf Team (and approved by the L.G.U. as the ideal golfing skirt). In showerproof West of England glen checks, 7 guineas; in fawn worsted covert, 8½ guineas. Skirts, second floor.

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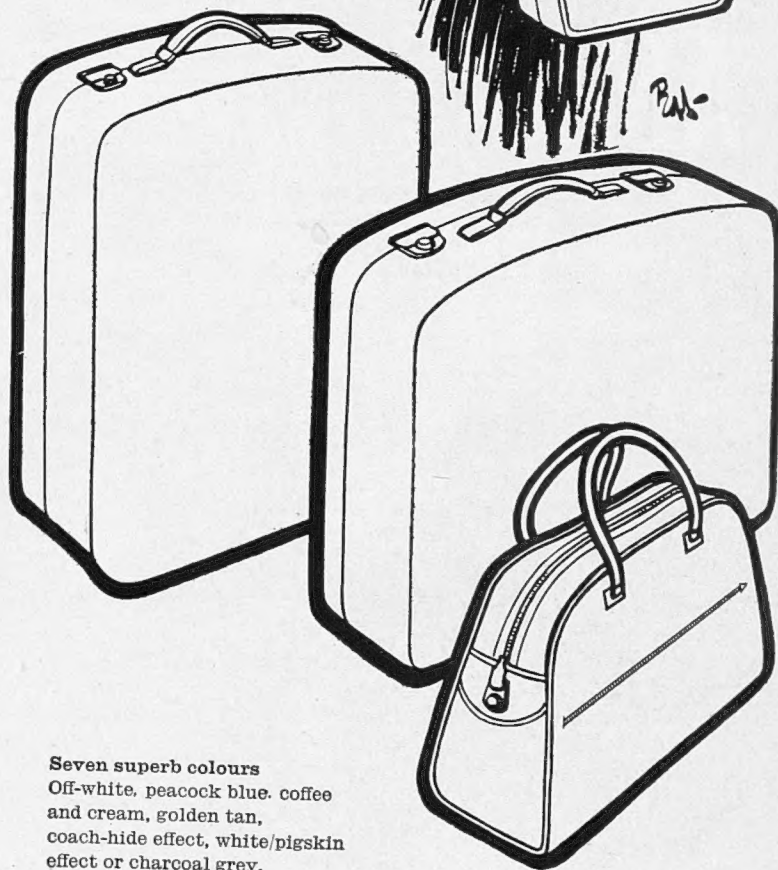
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Volume CCXL Number 3114

Italian Visit number

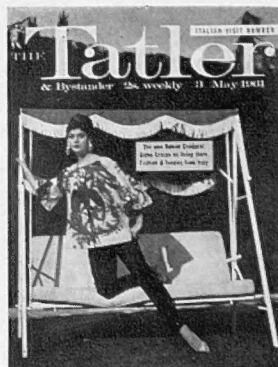
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THE NEW ROMAN CONQUEST

THE Queen is now at the start of her State Visit to Italy with Prince Philip, and this issue uses the moment to cast a glance at the extraordinary postwar vitality of Italy, in its way no less remarkable than that of Germany. Despite limited natural resources and a high rate of poverty, the Italians have blossomed as an industrial people, sending abroad products from high fashion to portable typewriters and all stamped with artistic flair. Perhaps the most interesting aspect to an English reader is how this has affected life in England, and *Impact from Italy* (pages 267-73) illustrates some instances of the new Roman conquest. Rome itself, though it is by no means Italy, comes in for a three-pronged attack: the traveller's Rome is described by Doone Beal in her weekly *Going Places* article (page 262), the social side is tackled by Muriel Bowen (page 277), and then Diana Graves addresses herself to the newspaper reader's Rome. Miss Graves, formerly an actress, wrote her book *To my astonishment* after spending four years in Rome. She has a play *The year of the monkey* (written in collaboration with Allan Lewis) coming to London later this year. Of the latest popular conception of Rome, Miss Graves says *Actually it isn't as dolce as it sounds . . .* (page 274). Continuing the Italian theme, some of the fashion pages show resort wear from this year's Florence collections (pages 286-9) and Counter Spy selects some Italian items in the London shops (page 285).

The cover:



Falconetto of Milan have in the last few years come to the fore of Italian resort-wear designers. Like Emilio Pucci they also design all their own fabrics. This Cossack tunic is made of hemp, with exotic printed patterns. It can be bought in London at Woollands of Knightsbridge.

Photograph by TENCA

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Next week: Will you go sailing this year? . . .

GOING PLACES

In Italy

MAY

Rome: Lyrical season at the Opera Theatre; Concerts at the Eliseo, Argentina and Università Theatres; Historical pageant in the Piazza di Siena; Painting & sculpture exhibition at the Via Margutta; Festival of Flowers & Spring; International horse show at the Villa Borghese.

Turin: Celebrations of the Centenary of Italian Unity, to 31 October; Spring opera season at the Teatro Nuovo; Flowers of the World, to 7.

Florence: International Handicrafts Exhibition (to 30 June); Football in 16th-century costumes in the Boboli Gardens, 7; Festival of The Cricket, 11; May Music Festival.

Venice: International Biennial of Photography, 6 May-4 June; Pavia-Venice motor-boat "Raid," 28; Spring opera season at La Fenice Theatre, to June; International Tennis Tournament, 30 May-4 June.

Milan: Opera season at La Scala, and opera & concert season at the Piccola Scala, to June.

JUNE

Venice: Venice Lido-Trieste motor boat rally, 17, 18; World Festival of Folklore Ballet, & Festival of the Lights, 23-25; 4th International Exhibition of films on art; Exhibition of ancient Venetian painting, to October.

Turin: *Son et lumière* at the Castello del Valentino, to September.

Verona: Summer Festival in the Roman theatre, to July.

JULY

Florence: Haute couture show at the Pitti Palace, 15-20.

Venice: International Film Festival, 26 July-9 September; Symphony concerts in the courtyard of the Ducal Palace; Night Festival at Chioggia, 22.

Siena: Palio, 2; Music week, 24-31.

Spoleto: Festival of Two Worlds.

AUGUST

Venice: Night Festival, 19.

Pompeii: Classic plays at the Teatro Grande.

Siena: Palio, 16.

Lucca: Puccini opera season at Torre Del Lago Puccini.

In Britain

SOCIAL & SPORTING

United Charities May Fair, today, at Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.1.

Spring Antiques Fair (3 to 13 May) to be opened at 2 p.m. today by Pietro Annigoni, at Chelsea Town Hall.

Anglo Brazilian Society Supper Dance, today, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Point-to-points: (today) Axe Vale Harriers at Stoddard Cross; (tomorrow) Wheatland at Wilbroughton; (6 May) Badsworth at Bretton, Cambridge U. at Marks Tey, Curre at Howick, Devon & Somerset Staghouls at Holnicote, Ludlow at Bromfield, Old Surrey & Burstow at Edenbridge, S. Wold at Revesby, Tedworth at Larkhill, Warwickshire at Wellesbourne.

Red Hat Ball, 4 May, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Tickets: £2 10s. from Mrs. Christopher Staughton. (BEL 5791.)

Justice Ball, 5 May, at the Savoy.

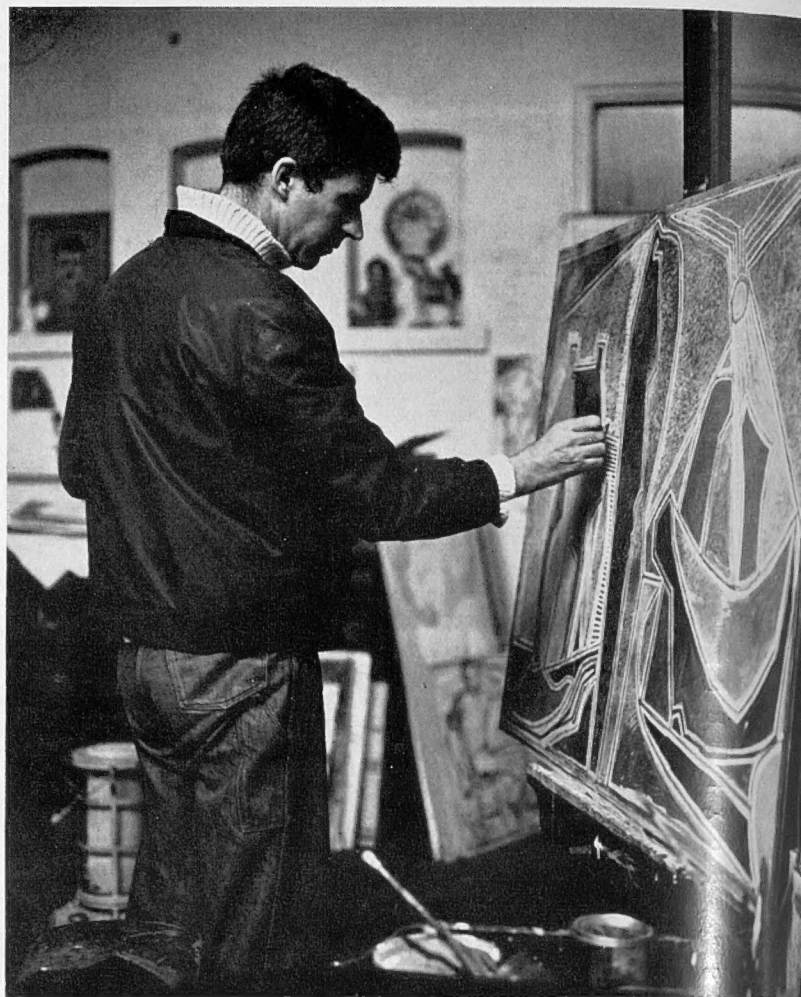
Royal Windsor Horse Show, 11 to 13 May, at Home Park, Windsor.

Royal Caledonian Schools Dinner, 11 May, at the Dorchester. Tickets: 35s. from Mr. George Deans, Royal Caledonian Schools, Bushey, Herts.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.

The Italian Scene (drawings by Vanvitelli), Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Closes Saturday.)



JOHN DONAT

John Craxton's exhibition of paintings at the Leicester Galleries tomorrow is his first to be held there for five years. He has been living in Chania on Crete and painting there and among the Greek islands. Mr. Craxton's work includes landscapes, portrait sketches, figure drawing. He has also been experimenting with Polyfilla to make low relief figures subsequently painted

MOTOR RACING

International Trophy Race, Silverstone, 6 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Strand Theatre. *Belle—or The Ballad of Dr. Crippen*, 4 May.

St. Martin's Theatre. *Time & Yellow Roses*, 11 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 296.

King Kong. "... a piece of naïve

but vital indigenous art put across with a most endearing vigour." Nathan Aspinall, Peggy Phango, Joe Mogotsi. (Princes Theatre, TEM 6596.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 297.

La Dolce Vita. "... This is a major, often magical, work. ... The acting is quite superb." Anita Ekberg, Anouk Aimée, Marcello Mastroianni. (Curzon, GRO 3737.)

BRIGGS by Graham

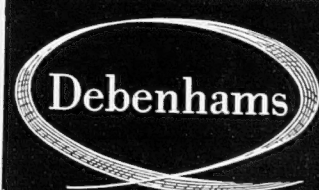




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GOING PLACES LATE

The empire of Al

Douglas Sutherland

AL BURNETT, SURVEYING THE nightly gathering of his customers in the Stork Room, remarks: "In this club every expense has been spared." He probably sacrifices the truth for the sake of a gag but the fact is that nowhere in London—or New York for that matter, unless it be Damon Runyon's apocryphal Mindy's—is there a night spot quite like the Stork Room. To try to describe the customers is as hard as to try to define the strange mixture of schmalz, corn and inspired hamming with which Burnett has been entertaining London audiences for close on a quarter of a century. Claims Burnett: "I'd have been a professional boxer if one night I had not recognized someone in the third row of the audience. It was me." In fact he started life in the East End of London selling newspapers, and emigrated at an early age to the lush pastures of the United States. ("My parents didn't actually turn me out, but my mother did pack my sandwiches in a road map.") Burnett has never quite lost the Americanisms of those early days when he was establishing

himself as a comedian in Miami and New York.

He opened his first night club, the old Nut House in Greek Street, in 1938. After that came a succession of Stork Rooms until he finally came to rest, if such an expression can be applied to Burnett, in 1951 in Swallow Street. With him came his faithful following of dukes and bookmakers, stars and stockbrokers—even a few kings, like Hussein of Jordan, who drops in to play the drums when the regular drummer will let him.

Burnett believes in audience participation. Most of his patter relies on an exchange of insults with the customers. Few people get the better of him. Notable exception was Lady Docker, who, playing up to his self-made claim to be a tightwad, challenged him to buy the whole club a drink. Burnett hedged: "I'm not allowed to. I'm not a member." Eventually they agreed to go 50-50. "Boy," Burnett remembers, "my half went at the liquor like they was camels just come out of the desert."

But behind all the clowning there is a shrewd business man. Burnett

has built up a late night entertainment empire of his own in the West End. In Jermyn Street his plush, chandeliered Society Restaurant aims to provide gourmet standard eating while in Piccadilly his spectacular Pigalle ("A Palladium with knives and forks") has set a new standard in star name late night entertainment. When Burnett first signed up Sammy Davis junior, the Cassandras forecast financial disaster. They were proved wrong and top star names have been packing them in at the Pigalle ever since. A set dinner at 47s. 6d. with dancing to two bands and lavish supporting cabaret provides a tough exercise in cost accountancy, but shrewd management by Burnett and his partner Bill Offner makes it pay off.

Nowadays the search for new talent takes Burnett all over the world and occupies about six months of his busy year. Even his private passion for greyhound racing has had to take a back seat. Recently he sold up the considerable number of dogs he had in training and instead is concentrating on breeding only. His fabulous dog Pigalle Wonder, a winner of the Greyhound Derby, is now at stud with a private limited company all to itself. Soon Burnett hopes he will be shouting home the first of Pigalle's progeny who have names like Sammy Davis junior and Mai Britt.

The world of Al Burnett is a far cry from the days when he sailed in a cattle boat to seek his fortune

across the Atlantic. Probably the only things that have not changed are the gags and the songs he has been putting over since the Nut House days. New material would be regarded as almost a sacrilege by his aficionados. Today the rich corn has turned to pure gold and Al Burnett must be a rich man. But I suspect that material success has done little to change the man himself. His philosophy is probably summed up in his own wisecrack: "It does not matter whether you are rich or poor, it's still nice to have money."

Cabaret calendar

Quaglinos's (WHI 6767). *Cyril Fletcher*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). *Lena Horne & the 10 o'clock Follies*

Colony (MAY 1637). *Hutch.*

Pigalle (REG 6423). *Tony Bennett, Patti Page from 15 May.*

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). *Tessie O'Shea and company.*

Savoy (TEM 4343). *Senor Wences, ventriloquist.*

Celebrity (HYD 7636). *Max & Harry Nesbitt and company*

Embassy (HYD 5275). *Martinière, Mexican dancer and supporting bill.*

Winston's Club (REG 5411). *Donny La Rue in "Winston's Merry-go-round" with full company.*

Astor (GRO 3181). *Sonny Teal & Company.*

Society (REG 0565). *Yvonne Constant, French singer*

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Chinese and charming

John Baker White

C.S.=Closed Sundays

W.B.=Wise to book a table

The Chinese Lantern, 4 Thackeray Street, off Kensington Square. (WES 4981.) "The best Chinese food I have eaten since I left Peking." This comment is to be found in the visitors' book. As it was written by an old friend of mine with a great knowledge of Oriental cooking, it is a tribute worth noting. The restaurant is small and in the traditional Chinese style. Two charming Chinese girls provide not only swift and efficient service, including all the Chinese tea you want (throughout the meal), but the information the non-expert needs about the various dishes. And the cost? A guinea a head, and no extras, for the Festival Dinner. W.B.

The Angus Steak House, 72 Fulham Road (eastern end). C.S. (KEN 8202.) Open midday to midnight. Décor plain but pleasant, table

furnishings attractive. Meat Scotch, high quality and properly "hung," which is rare these days. Vegetable cooking good, especially the fried onions. Prices reasonable, for a meal of soup, meat and sweet need not cost more than about 15s. At the moment send out for drinks. There are four other Angus Steak Houses of the same pattern and quality—telephone KN1 9460 for their addresses. W.B.

Grill & Cheese, Notting Hill Gate. This restaurant, seating 80 or so, should be a boon to those living in Campden Hill or thereabouts who want to eat out plainly, well and inexpensively. In this pleasant modern room soup costs 1s. 6d., a generous steak with potatoes 9s. 9d., cheese 1s. 6d. or a sweet about the same amount. There is wine by the glass, from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 9d. for a large glass, a large carafe from 10s. to 14s., or a 1952 Pommard at 20s. per bottle. The excellent coffee is

1s. a cup and no extra charge for a second. The staff, under manager Brian Ridgeway, are friendly and efficient.

Rejected—and why

Recently I tried to make a choice between two small restaurants at the western end of Chelsea's King's Road. I turned down both of them, for the same reason. The menus displayed in their windows were weeks old, crumpled, faded, and carrying a deposit of the black grime with which London housewives are all too familiar. If the menus outside are dirty the chances are that the kitchens are the same. I might have been wrong, but was not prepared to take the chance. Would you?

Madrid to Zaragoza

I am not one of those who like to do the journey to Barcelona in the day, as the road rises to 3,000 ft. and goes through a range of mountains, which makes for tiring driving. Zaragoza, 200 miles from the capital, a busy, prosperous town with a fine cathedral, makes a good stop for the night. The **Gran Hotel** is one of the most luxurious in Spain, and the 200 bedrooms, all with private bathrooms, are the

acme of comfort. The food is good and the bar amusing before dinner. A room for two costs approximately 30s. per night, luncheon or dinner 10s. I wish the owners and managers of some of the dreary hotels in Britain's larger provincial cities would have a look at it.

There are few places to eat between Madrid and Zaragoza. The **Oasis** at Arcos de Julin is about the best. Simple, adequate food and clean. A four-course meal costs about 8s.

Wine note

At a recent tasting, Matthew Clark & Sons put on a fine display of Ropiteau Frères Meursault Burgundies of the years 1953, '57, '59 and '60. The latter should prove, in time, that the earlier pessimism about last year was not wholly justified. From the point of buying to keep I made a particular note of two white wines—Meursault 1960 and 1959—and the three red—Bourgogne Passetout Grain 1959, Cote de Beaune Villages 1959, and Chambolle Musigny Charmes 1959. I thought that the Beaujolais 1957 at 90s. a dozen, duty paid and delivered, was a bargain. The Meursault Charmes 1957 (130s. a dozen) I marked as "delightful."

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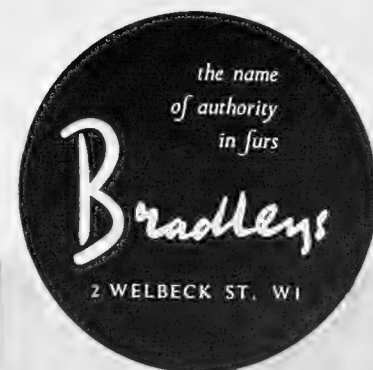
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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Learn your Via Veneto

Doone Beal

AN ENGLISHMAN WHO LIVES IN ROME said to me: "There are times when I must be seen outside Doney's; times when I must sit on the other side of the street; and times when I wouldn't be seen dead in Via Veneto at all." It was a blazing blue Sunday morning. We sat in Doney's last two available chairs, and ordered Negronis.

Walking the gangplank of this, one of the most elegant 100 yards in the world, the straight tourists were distinguishable, as ever, by cameras and guidebooks; Romans and residents (of whatever nationality) by immense dark glasses tilted in curiosity, glinting in expectation and worn, I began to think, not so much for protection, as in order to look without being seen looking. In a place where people go either to see or to be seen, only the most riveting piece of gossip will ever turn two heads towards each other instead of

square on to the parade. Yet, after one o'clock, the crowds melt away as though summoned by some unheard curfew, and by two the street is all but deserted. Save, in midsummer, the odd, indomitable matron with coffee and triple-decker sandwiches.

Rome is well known to be the most parochial capital in Europe, if not in the world. Via Veneto has its own mystique, and it is in fact a *bit* more clever—part of the post-graduate course—to sit on the shady side rather than on the obviously attractive one, where all the tourists and the internationals go. But there seem to be equally rigid rules—among Romans, I mean—as to where to lunch and dine. Even the most fashionable restaurants belong in one category or the other, rarely in both.

At eleven in the morning, Greco, a plush-and-marble indoor café in Via Condotti, has a sprinkling of

Cafés on the Via Veneto—pick your time to be seen there

elegant, middle-aged men attired behind their newspapers. By noon, it is crowded with people standing up at the counter, drinking vermouth and eating delicious fresh rolls filled with *prosciutto* or artichoke mayonnaise. Ranieri, in Via Mario dei Fiori nearby, is similarly plush but mirrored instead. It has the distinction of being run by the great-grandson of Queen Victoria's chef, and a massive guest book lists most of the crowned heads of Europe, past and present. It is the haunt of the *cognoscenti*, deceptively dowdy-looking and in no way obvious. Still on lunch places, Passetto, near Piazza Navona, has been promoted from an erstwhile *trattoria* to the ranks of the chic.

In the piazza itself, which incidentally is perhaps the most lovely in Rome, Tre Scalina and Maestrostefano are two of several *trattorie* with outdoor tables where people actually come, sometimes, to enjoy the inanimate to the exclusion of the company. Otello, in Via della Croce, is fashionable in a different way, among artists and sculptors, and has a charming vine-roofed patio. Capriccio, in Via Liguria (close by Via Veneto), contradicts the rules by being a venue for either lunch or dinner, beloved by the film colony and visiting expense-account journalists as well as by Romans.

For Sunday lunch, many Anglo-Americans as well as some discerning Romans go to George's, just behind the Excelsior, to eat roast beef. Vernon Jarrett, the owner, has made a spectacular success by running contrary to the proverb and being very English about it; even to the extent of a relaxing, leathery bar with piles of newspapers. Apart from Sunday lunch, the time to go there is for a late dinner. As he pointed out, the visitors dine between 7.30 and 9 p.m., the rest, 10 o'clock or later. In fact, the whole art of dining fashionably in Rome is to do so sufficiently late. Life comes to a total standstill between the hours of one and four, when offices and shops re-open until eight. No Roman contemplates dining until at least 10.

Of the good *trattoria*-type places, Nino's in Via Borgognona and

Fontanella in Via Largo di Borgheese both specialize in Tuscan food, which is probably the most interesting cuisine in Italy; its mainstays are *pâtés* and truffles and game. Giggi Fazzi in Via Lucullo is large, busy, has the advantage of an immense menu and takes all kinds. In Trastevere, Meo Patacea represents *very* elegant slumming, with theatrical overtones. And of the luxury restaurants (by no means, of course, unknown to tourists as well), Alfredo della Scroffa and Hostaria dell'Orso are both superb. The Hostaria once housed the Florentine Embassy to the Holy See; it is one of the oldest preserved buildings in Rome and the Cabala, which is a part of it, is without doubt the best night club.

Of the classics (that include also Pipistrello and Eighty-Four) the Cabala is the only one even to have a show. And that is brief and excellent. It has always amused me to reflect that this, the nation of great lovers, generally eschews strip-tease, and in Cabala the customers contemplate instead, a Giorgione Venus behind the bar. The establishments who do offer live nudes—usually proclaimed by photographs outside—are out to clip.

It is late at night that Via Veneto comes into its own again, either as a night club *per se*, or as a finale, with lamps on the tables like glow-worms, crowded as midday. Only by three in the morning do they extinguish, one by one, just as the early editions appear on the news stands.

Of course, one can easily reverse the lunch and dinner rules and so enjoy the same food, in a less crowded restaurant, and get better service. And plenty of hard-working Romans and English export writers shun Via Veneto altogether. But that is not entirely the object of this exercise. Rome, one of the most difficult of cities to know, is full of paradox. Certainly most English people who are bending over backwards to go Roman will ignore anything called a tea-room. Which results in Babington's, at the foot of the Spanish Steps, being full, from 11 in the morning until seven in the evening, of Italians. Actually drinking tea. And mostly men.

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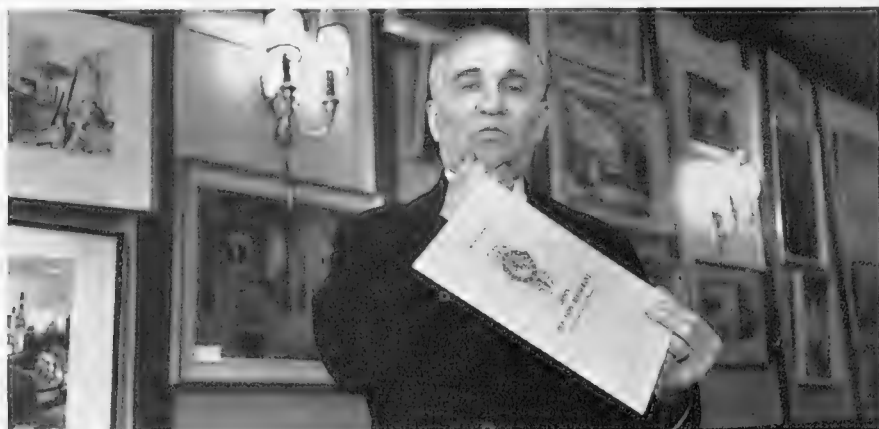
THE TATLER 3 MAY 1961



Tmpact from taly

IMPACT ON THE STAGE: Franco Zeffirelli is now working on a Covent Garden production of Verdi's *Falstaff*, and is photographed here with Geraint Evans, who will play the title role. He first aroused enthusiasm in Britain when he produced Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Zeffirelli not only designs the sets and costumes as well as producing, but presents operas as realistic plays rather than vehicles for singers

While Caesar needed legions and javelins, the new Roman conquest has been achieved with sheer artistic flair. Some of the most successful weapons used are photographed here by JACK ESTEN



IMPACT ON DRINKING HABITS: *It was as recently as 1952 when the first Gaggia machine was installed in Britain (in Frith Street). Now "frothy coffee" is bubbling out of machines all day long and forming the magnet of Espresso bars all over the country. Mr. Perotti, photographed behind the controls, came over to England with the original importers, Riservato Partners Limited*

IMPACT ON EATING HABITS: *Italian food, perhaps influenced by tastes picked up by troops, has zoomed into popularity. Now nearly every corner store stocks pasta, and every district has its Italian eating place. Mr. Peppino Leoni's Quo Vadis, in Soho, is one of the oldest, and he alone serves an average of 400 people a day*



IMPACT ON PORTRAIT PAINTING: Annigoni's self-portrait at the 1949 Academy not only delighted Sir Alfred Munnings, but led to a flood of commissions which made Annigoni the most-discussed portrait painter since the war. In 1955 he painted the Queen, and two years later Princess Margaret. He was photographed with some past and present students in London last month during a visit for an exhibition of his own and his students' paintings

Impact
from
Italy
continued

IMPACT ON CINEMA: Sophia Loren, latest of a line of Italian sex-symbols who have spear-headed an Italian invasion of the international box-office. After her first British comedy, last year's *The Millionairess*, the record she made with Peter Sellers—“Goodness Gracious Me”—made its own impact by staying on the hit parade for 11 weeks



MRS. HAMISH HAMILTON (formerly Countess Yvonne Pallavicino, of Rome)



LADY JOHN CHOLMONDELEY (Sa. Cristina Solari, of Genoa)

Impact
from
Italy
continued



MRS. BENEDICT NICOLSON (Signorina Luisa Vertova, of Florence) with Vanessa

IMPACT ON MARRIAGE: More Italian women are marrying Englishmen than ever before, perhaps because more Englishmen take Italian holidays and more Italian girls come here to finish, study or work au pair. Among the well-known Anglo-Italian marriages illustrated here, Viscount Hambleton (a director of W. H. Smith) met his wife when they were both holidaying in America



VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN (*Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, of Rome*)

Lady John Cholmondeley and Mrs. Hamish Hamilton (whose mother was English) were both here on family visits when they met their husbands. Mr. & Mrs. Benedict Nicolson were introduced in Florence by the man they had both studied with: Bernard Berenson. Mr. Nicolson, son of the Hon. Sir Harold & the Hon. Lady Nicolson (Victoria Sackville-West), is editor of the Burlington Magazine



G. WILKINS

Impact
from
Italy
concluded



STANDARD-TRIUMPH

IMPACT ON GETTING ABOUT: Motor scooters, an Italian inspiration, have whizzed on to British roads since the war to such an effect that it is difficult to envisage a traffic jam without at least one easing up to the head of the queue. Lambretta, which arrived here in 1948, now claim more than half the total motor scooter market. Even the R.A.C. use them

IMPACT ON MOTOR CARS: Giovanni Michelotti (left) is one of the wave of Italian designers called in by British manufacturers to apply their own blend of gaiety and sleekness to British cars. He is responsible for the well-known Triumph Herald, which came out in 1959. Illustrated here are two less familiar examples of Italian design, Bertone's Alfa-Romeo 2,000 Sprint Coupé (above—described by Gordon Wilkins on page 306) and, below, Pininfarina's coupé version of the luxurious Lancia Flaminia

E. CHIESA





Actually it isn't as dolce as it sounds . . .

BY DIANA GRAVES

EVER since that Fellini film, a new legend about Rome has been befuddling our minds. Gone is the vision of a peaceful, golden city, curled up like a python in the bosom of the Campagna, the vision to which most of us are accustomed. Instead we have been catapulted by *La Dolce Vita* into a violent capital, a-screech with sports cars, sidewalk brawls, aristocratic orgies, and photographers like carrion crows flapping blackly at their victims. I may be a bit retarded and lacking in observation, but I'm bound to say that I lived there for four years and I've never been even on the fringe of an orgy. Neither have I seen any photographers—except the one who hovers on the corner of the Via Veneto, dispiritedly clicking his camera at chintzy ladies on their fortnight's holiday in the Eternal City.

The other illusion is of Rome as a hotbed of intellectuality. There is, as a matter of fact, hardly time there to indulge in pyrotechnics of the mind. One must remember, in the first place, that nearly everyone suffers from a poor liver. This necessitates endless patting of the offending organ, combined, if one has the smallest sense of social obligation, with half-hour discussions on the merits of various cures. Then there is the weather. The Romans are martyrs to its vagaries and if one is bad-tempered, unable to work, tearful or incapable of thought, one can put the unfortunate circumstance down to either Sirocco, the sultry, devastating wind from the south, or Tramontana, a needling, biting



"Photographers like carrion crows flapping blackly at their victims. . . ."—a scene from *La Dolce Vita*

one, which tears wolfishly down from the mountains and paralyses the population. Certainly, nobody is expected to collect his thoughts, much less write them down in such a situation.

Then there are the arrangements for the stomach. The shops close at one to allow everybody to eat in peace, and they don't reopen till four; offices are open, but seldom inhabited, a little later in the day. After quantities of *pasta* washed down by fairly innocuous wine, nobody in his right senses would fail to take a siesta. By five o'clock, though, one needs the stimulus of a coffee in the nearest bar. Followed by another and then another. This only leaves a couple of hours before the moment has arrived to prepare for the *apéritif* and then dinner. And by the time these necessities are over and one has had a modicum of conversation it's time for bed. So, you see, there is not much time for concentrated work.

Also, I'm bound to say, the Italians are not, by and large, patrons of the arts. Those people who can afford to buy books and paintings are not interested; the poorer ones are not literate. Women of the first category tend to pass the day with their children, the dressmaker or hairdresser, or playing *canasta*; the men just talk. For sheer verbosity, I, as an Irishwoman, can only say that they spectacularly outdo my countrymen. I sometimes wonder if it can be due to their passion for noise. To an Italian, the putt-putt of a *motospa* exploding into life or careering down the street like a power-drunk wasp, is far more of a fillip than any such silent affair as a book. The writers, consequently, can't make a living out of their literary output and rely largely for their sales on translation.

Several of them, in fact, first publish their works in English or French. Others join the ever-swelling brigade of film writers and spend hour after hour sipping coffee with the film producers—only a few of whom actually have the money to mount a picture. This I find disheartening. Cinecittà—the equivalent to our Pinewood Studios—deals mostly in American epics. The greatness of the Italian writer—and, indeed, actor—reached its apotheosis in the neo-realist days when there was no money and they had, perforce, to make do and mend with realities. Real streets. Real houses. Real people. All Italians axiomatically act, without self-consciousness, with every part of their body and often, too, without an actual script. The words can be filled in later via the dubbing system—a monstrous invention when one considers that one-third of a man's personality is in his voice.

The curious thing is that any renaissance of the intellect there may be in Rome stems largely from the non-Romans. The Milanese, the people from the north, and the English and Americans; the outsiders, in fact. Of the major writers, Moravia—perhaps the most famous—is of Jewish extraction. So is Carlo Levi, and Silone and Soldati have received injection of steel from their birthplaces in the Abruzzi and Torino. It may well be that people who work with the mind should live monastically, their desks facing the wall of some white, etiolated cell. There is too much in Rome, not only of history, but of pullulating life, and if one has a view from one's window one is done. An antique corruption seems to seep through the golden, dilapidated walls and

a writer can easily become so beguiled with the tactile beauties of the city that he can no longer observe the machinations of the heart nor the anomalies of life.

But a few dedicated foreigners are counteracting the rot—not the misfits and expatriates (who, armed with portfolios and soft, sad beards, smother the place like locusts) but the people who have either married Italians or settled more or less permanently in the capital and are starved for mental stimulus. Princess Caetani, an American, publishes the *Botteghe Oscure*, a magazine which incorporates works of writers and poets of four nationalities. Christopher Fry, Bridget Boland and Bertram Whiting resolutely turn their backs on the crumbling glory of the Forum, finding their inspiration in a blank wall. And there are many serious Americans, exhausted perhaps by the rat-race of their own country, and of a generically European outlook, who discover peace in Rome, productivity of the mind and pleasure in keeping open house for both visiting firemen and the Italians with ideas.

Incidentally, most Italian hospitality takes place in restaurants and *trattorie*; the family circle, bound as it is with a most lovable sense of domestic responsibility, is generally so large that to cope in the home with a visitor as well as parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and children is too great an imposition.

Neither the Roman theatre nor the opera can be described as the artistes' Mecca, and perhaps the most interesting presentations take place at the Theatre Club (whose greatest successes were the Wesker Trilogy and *Les Nègres* of Genet) and at the Cometa Theatre, where Sir John Gielgud enraptured his audiences with the *Ages of Man*. Audiences for indigenous playwrights, on the other hand, are anaemic.

However, there has been a splendid resurgence of painting over the last couple of years. A movement has started for well-organized American galleries, and already there is an exchange of painters between America and Rome, not to mention the French who are seeping down in comforting battalions. But the serious resident painters such as Burri and Afro, with their international reputations, and Lorri (an Australian), who is currently exhibiting at the Grosvenor Galleries as well as Rome, Basle, Milan and New York, keep themselves apart from the *côteries* and cultural receptions. Most of these seem to be in honour of Moravia and are awash with pretty ladies and debilitating drinks, which are hardly conducive to inspiring conversation.

There is probably one more reason for the lack of dynamism which exists, apart from any natural *dolce far niente*, in Rome. And that is the rigid censorship, about which I do not propose to write at length as it makes my pen tremble. Officially, any scenes of eroticism are excised. Actually, it is social comment that is out of the question and consequently the writer is too circumscribed to allow his Muse to soar much above sea-level. His only hope is to emulate the foreign influx and expatriate himself the moment he has earned a sufficiency of money to do so.

There we are then. Rome is not the lotus-eating haunt of vice one pictures from the films. Nor is it gleaming with cerebral intoxication. On the other hand one can say, with the utmost confidence, that there is no other capital in Europe like it for doing nothing—gracefully.



*The Quirinale Palace, where the Queen and Prince Philip are staying in Rome
Far left: A study in the State Apartment
Below: State Apartment bedroom*



Oriental décor in part of the visitors' suite. Right: La Manica Lunga (the long sleeve) leads to the Royal Suite



BY MURIEL BOWEN

The social side of Rome

This afternoon the Queen is due to go to the Horse Show at the Borghese Gardens with their lofty umbrella-shaped trees. With luck there may be a British victory to celebrate, as there is a British team competing. Later this evening she sees a production of *Falstaff* at the Rome Opera House. The Horse Show marks the opening of the summer season; the opera the closing of the winter one.

Like all aristocracies the Roman one loves its sports. A couple of months ago, thanks to the generosity of Count di Campello and Signor M. Guisti, I had a day with the Rome Hunt, which was first started in 1856 by Lord Chesterfield. "Ever since then the hounds have always been addressed in English," Count di Campello told me. Building has taken away a large slice of the country, but a fox can still get to ground—and one did some time ago in the Temple of Juno! Hunting is popular at weekends, though nothing like it was before the war, and it is on a smaller scale than shooting.

The Hunt Club, now separate from the Hunt, is the most

exclusive in Rome. The staff wear knee breeches and look like ancient Roman senators. For years the King of England was the club's patron. Indeed a picture of King George VI hung prominently in the club right through the war years. All members were agreed that *they* were not at war with the King.

Much entertaining in Rome is out of doors. Just now the garden party season is about to commence with everybody hoping to be invited to the one that Princess Aldobrandini is giving at her Frascati villa. Social Rome might best be summed up in the phrase, *bella figura* (cutting a fine figure). The women are strikingly beautiful and dress with simple chic. Most family fortunes have tumbled since the war but *bella figura* is maintained in one way or another. Many a fine palace has been turned into flats because its noble owner can't afford to keep more than a (sumptuous) floor for himself.

Most of the younger generation of nobles, tired of criticism in the popular press, want to make their own impact on Rome with their work. They have plenty of scope too because round them, and far from resolved, is every social and political problem of the day. Prince Francesco Borghese is a much quoted town-planning expert; Prince Nicolo Pignatelli is managing director of an oil company. They and many more have managed to combine something not always easy in Italy, doing a job yet holding on to their social status.

Rome's two leading hostesses are Princess Colonna, who lives in a palace with spacious corridors in autumn shades of rust and yellow (an ancestor of her husband's was mentioned by Dante), and Countess "Mimi" Pecci-Blunt, middle-aged, plumpish and jolly. They are both "Blacks"—derived from the old Papal nobility rather than the kingdom of Italy, the "Whites." Another forebear of Princess Colonna's commanded the Papal fleet at Lepanto, and Countess Pecci-Blunt is a niece of Pope Leo XIII. Of course the division of the nobility is not as sharply drawn as it used to be and most of the families now come out a distinct shade of grey.

Countess Pecci-Blunt loves putting on controversial plays (Tennessee Williams is a favourite of hers) and a while ago she had a private theatre built on the side of her palace. It's about the size of one of the smaller London theatres and there are about 24 boxes. Another recent builder is Princess Venosa, whose new villa off the historic Appia Antica was recently built to plans drawn up by Leonardo da Vinci and unearthed among the family papers.

The Quirinale Palace where the Queen and Prince Philip are staying is used only for state visits. President Gronchi and his wife, Donna Carla, prefer to live at their modest flat. For the royal visit, guards in brilliant uniforms are lining the "Staircase of Honour." A corridor 700-ft. long and known as "the Long Sleeve" leads to the apartments she and Prince Philip occupy.

The Earl of Brecknock's Wedding

He was married to Virginia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tim Finlaison, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



PHOTOGRAPHS:
TOM HUSTLER



Lady Pamela Hicks, a cousin of the bridegroom, and (top) a floral hat, too, for the Duchess of Kent



Miss Seville Glass-Hooper and the Hon. John Yarde-Buller. Below: Mr. Paul Spicer and Lady James Crichton-Stuart. The reception was at the Dorchester



The Earl of Brecknock and his bride, Miss Virginia Finlaison

Social notes

by Muriel Bowen

Next Sunday is Gardener's Sunday, the opening of a season in which more gardens than ever before will be opened to the public in the interests of charity. This is largely the outcome of efforts by Major-Gen. R. F. Cornwall and by Lady Heald. Here are some particulars of gardens that can be inspected this summer.

The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester (he's president of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Society) are opening Barnwell Manor, near Peterborough, again. It will be open, 2.30 p.m. to 7 p.m., on 28 May. The Duchess describes the garden as "semi-wild" with flowering shrubs and decorative trees. There are no formal flower-beds. Both she and her husband will mingle and chat with the crowds—they enjoy having the gardens open and always make a point of being at home on the day.

There are as many different approaches to gardens open to the public as there are gardens to show off. Lady Part, whose garden at Houghton Hall is open on Whit Sunday, likes to leave the showing round entirely to her two gardeners.

When I phoned Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid at Somerhill, Tonbridge, she was in the garden, looking it over and seeing what needs doing before the opening on Saturday. She's the

gardener in the family (Sir Harry? "If he cuts the dead heads off the roses in the summer it's the maximum I expect"). They have a fine herbaceous border and this year there will be the new swimming pool. The family keep in the background or play tennis and croquet: "The visitors are always frightfully nice and don't stand and watch." Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. V. Hughes-Hallett, whose garden at The Bury, Little Hadham, is planned for labour-saving and continuous colour throughout the year, find that people like to come and sit. "At 2 p.m. they arrive with their rugs, books and boxes of chocolates, settle down until seven o'clock and then leave without having looked at the flowers!" she told me. The Hughes-Halletts have made gardens on the North-West Frontier Province, in Lahore, Aldershot and "all the usual Army places." The garden at The Bury, open on 14 May, was once an old orchard. The Hughes-Halletts set to work on it after they acquired the Elizabethan house after the war.

Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, former commander of the Eighth Army, is another who, like the Hughes-Halletts, has cultivated a garden in many an Army post. Gardening runs in his family. The garden at Stowell Hill he inherited; it was laid out by his mother. His son, Mr. Bob McCreery, the amateur race rider, is a gardener too and has his own tiny one in London.

The Stowell Hill garden, which is at Templecombe, Somerset, is a planning gem, not very large but giving the impression of spaciousness with carefully laid out Japanese cherries, azaleas and flowering shrubs. The garden is open annually (7 May this year) but it doesn't attract crowds. "We're quite off the beaten track—we've got nothing like the Macmilians to cope with in the way of people," Lady McCreery says. Most of the visitors are gardeners themselves who like to discuss the shrubs with the family, especially with the General.

Mrs. Guy Lawrence in Essex also finds that those who come to see her garden at Little Easton Manor, Dunmow (open next Sunday), are keen gardeners. Mrs. Lawrence usually starts the day by taking the money at the gate but gives it up after a bit: "There are so many interesting people to talk to—always a number who compete at horticultural shows." The lawns lead down to a lake with wildfowl. There are lots of flowering shrubs and Mrs. Lawrence is a keen grower of irises. An additional attraction is the old barn where Ellen Terry acted.

Talking of additional attractions, Sir John Heathcoat-Amory (Knightshayes Court is also open next Sunday) offers "tea and bisc. 6d." (more thoughtful than the people who say: "tea in the village, 2 mls."). Mrs. D. R. Peel, of Tyne Hall in the Isle of Wight (open next Sunday), says that visitors are welcome to bring picnic teas. The Earl of Gainsborough at Exton Park, Oakham (open 25 June), offers pony rides at 6d. for children. And at the Earl of Harrowby's, Sandon Hall, Stafford (open next Sunday), it will be possible to buy plants and vegetables in the kitchen garden.



The Hon. Mrs. Glover (right) gave the party for her daughter Ann's coming-out and son John's 21st

Miss Judy Huxtable and Mr. Stephen Minoprio

Miss Lindy Martineau, a deb, and Mr. John Rickards



Party in Surrey for a coming-out

OLD (GREEK) SCHOOL TIE BALL

The Athenian Ball at the Savoy was not only a chic occasion but a well-planned one. The committee thought of everything. They even had a wine-tasting sub-committee. Lady Crosfield, the ball's co-chairman, and the Hon. Christopher James were detailed to do the tasting and report their findings to the committee. They must have made a good job of it; there were no complaints. The Lancaster Room had a soft, charming touch with swags of white tulle tied with pink ribbon and decorated with pink roses. This was the work of the

Hon. Mrs. Christopher James. She, of course, is half-Greek and a granddaughter of the French playwright and Ambassador, Paul Claudel.

Lady Katherine Brandram (Princess Katherine of Greece) was guest of honour. Others supporting the ball were Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Mr. George Livanos, and Mr. Chester Williams, the painter of children, and his wife Miss Lucy Halford who has made a niche for herself in industrial design.

Still more: Mr. Alexander Papamarkou, co-chairman of the ball, the Duke & Duchess of Bedford (a raffle prize was lunch for two at



At the Athenian Ball: Princess Katherine of Greece (Lady Katherine Brandram) and the Archbishop Arthinagoras

The Hon. Christopher & Mrs. James, both vice-chairmen of the Ball committee



PHILIP TOWNSEND



Miss Diana Skyrme and Mr. Charles Hill. The party was at the Glovers' home near Woking

Miss Theadora Elizabeth Brinckman jiving with Mr. Christopher Lumb

—and a coming-of-age

Woburn), and Mr. & Mrs. Paul Reilly (he is Director of the Council of Industrial Design and Mr. Armstrong-Jones's boss). I was interested to hear from Mr. Reilly that one of his staff went to British Railways some time ago, and that the improvements in the cross-Channel steamers and the smartness of the new station at Banbury are the result. "I like to see my staff pushing off and getting their ideas taken up in industry throughout the country," Mr. Reilly told me.

Lady Norton was on the ball committee and she told me that she is shortly off to Russia for a visit. One of her great missions is the furtherance of support for contemporary art. Sir Clifford Norton, a former Ambassador to Greece, was there too. "I like to get to bed early but I'm staying on until they draw the raffles," he told me. "If you don't hang round you can miss out on these things you know." I'm afraid he missed out anyway. A cruise for two on what used to be King Saud's yacht went to somebody else.

The ball was a benefit for Athens College. A number of former students live in this country and they recently formed an alumni association.

COMING-OF-AGE PARTY

Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., & Lady Taylor asked many young people to Grosvenor House, of which Sir Charles is chairman, for the coming-of-age of their son, Alex. The evening started off with cocktails, followed by dinner and dancing. Miss Tania Heald, the British Women's Ski Champion, was there. Her coming-out dance was last week at Quaglinos. Other young people were: Mr. Max Taylor, Alex's brother, Mr. Robert Bonham-Carter, Miss Lavinia Lloyd, and Miss Peta Carolyn Stocker. Youngest guest was the Taylors' 11-year-old daughter, Jasmine, who is at Heathfield.

As a 21st birthday present Mr. Taylor was given a set of golf clubs complete with bag and trolley by his parents. He plays at Willingdon.



A. V. SWAEBE

Lady Crosfield, Ball co-chairman, and Mr. M. Delivanis





Rome Gold Medallists Mr. Lawrence Morgan & Salad Days—in trouble here—went on to win



Major Philip Donner, Major D. Stirling-Stuart, Mrs. Philip Donner and Lady Violet Vernon

Opposite: The Queen spent her 35th birthday watching the cross-country with her family



Col. & Mrs. V. D. S. Williams came in a runabout to watch their two horses compete

Mr. David Somerset, a cousin of the Duke of Beaufort, the Queen's host for the trials



BADMINTON: cross-country day

Despite heavy going, standards were higher than ever at this year's three-day trials where the Royal Family saw Mr. Lawrence Morgan & Salad Days in the lead in the first trial



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEITH MONEY



Miss Sarah and Mr. Adrian Maxwell inspect the drop fence



Badminton panorama with the



1. Harry Locke as Justice Squeezum: Ruskin Spear



2. Arabesque: H. Andrew Freeth

Robert Wraight at Burlington House

I went to the Summer Exhibition this year determined to keep in mind Sickert's contention that the worst that can be said of it is that you cannot fill 15 galleries a year with masterpieces and that, if filled they must be, you can fill them only with what you've got. But nagging at me just the same as ever was the idea that it's crazy to want to fill 15 galleries. And, anyway, what they fill them with is not all they've got. But let that pass. I'm not one of those who think the rejected pictures are better than the accepted ones. I don't suppose a single masterpiece got away. In fact I'm all for rejecting about 500 more, if only

Summer Academy



3. Salamanca: Tristram Hillier

in the interest of critics' eyeballs. But which 500? If I say there should be plenty of works by Academicians among them it is not because I want to see the whole show go avant-garde. It is simply that a lot of the academic painting is so bad even of its type. Many Academicians abuse their right to have six works hung by sending in pictures that are worthy neither of the Academy nor of themselves. Frankly, there are a number of the older members who ought to call it a day, for their own good as well as ours.

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4. Fruit & flowers: Mary Fedden



THESE I
LIKED



6. The Balcony: Harold Knight, R.A.



7. Landscape composition: Algernon Newton, R.A.



8. Documentary: James Fitton, R.A.

THESE I
LOATHED

5. Session: George Ingham



9. Serafina & an English model: Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.

1. Unique among Academicians, Spear matches a zest for life with great skill as a painter. By so doing he keeps alive the dying art of portraiture. Here he catches brilliantly the characters both of Justice Squeezum in *Lock Up Your Daughters* and of Harry Locke, the man inside the costume.
2. I chose this etching chiefly as contrast to the Flint nudes (see below 9). Simple, fluent line and complete freedom from artificiality in the artist's approach to his model—a study of “the eternal woman” that will not date.
3. We talk of “photographic detail” but the camera in landscape, like the average eye, is notoriously short-sighted. Hillier paints detail unseen by camera or any but the most searching eye. The result is a strange air of surrealism.
4. An exciting splash of colour. Taking her cue from Matisse the artist has rejected perspective to strengthen her design. Next stop: Abstraction!
5. So many apparent influences—Stanley Spencer,

add up to failure, but I am intrigued. This is the modern realist's successor to Victorian anecdotal painting. A picture to look at and puzzle over.

- 6 & 7. These two are fighting it out for the worst-picture-of-the-year award. Both are by very old Academicians who once showed talent. They support my contention that works by members of the Academy ought to be vetted as stringently as those of outsiders. “The Balcony” is curiously reminiscent of the worst Soviet painting around 1930. Mr. Newton's empty landscape is curiously reminiscent of four or five other empty landscapes he is exhibiting.
8. I don't really loathe this, it just leaves me cold. Whereas Ruskin Spear makes biting satire of this sort of thing, Fitton makes only comic illustration.
9. How many more of these pieces of puerile romanticism can there be to come? I used to be able to admire Sir William's technique but for a long time it has had the same effect on me as a

LORD KILBRACKEN

My primer for hereditary legislators

WHEN Viscount G—— was staying with me recently he asked me a question that would give Anthony Wedgwood Benn the willies: Could I give him any practical information on how he should set about taking his seat in the Lords? He had achieved his majority some four months earlier, and had therefore become *prima facie* eligible (to take his seat, I mean; he was already highly eligible in the *other* sense) after more than 20 years as an unseated peer, which must be nearly a record.

With my own great experience, I was able to tell him all he wanted to know, and I think it would be of inestimable value to record the procedure here, for the benefit of all other unseated Noble Lords, and embryo Noble Lords, since there is no official document or pamphlet to inform them; and for the edification of commoners.

The first thing to do is to make sure you are qualified. You must not be (a) a minor, (b) an alien, (c) bankrupt, (d) insane, (e) a felon, or (f) a peer of Scotland or Ireland (unless you are also a peer of the U.K.). I cross-examined G—— fairly closely on (c), (d) and (e), and also on (f), because Kelly's Handbook only mentions his Irish viscounty; but Kelly's, as I confirmed elsewhere, has erred (for once), and we could proceed at once to the documentation necessary.

He would first have to acquire, I told him, no fewer than six assorted documents. Copies of his own birth certificate, his parents' marriage certificate and his father's death certificate could be acquired at Somerset House for a total outlay, including search fee, of 24s. Next on the list would be a statutory declaration, sworn by a relative before a commissioner of oaths, to the general effect that he was the person he professed to be. (Any relative will do; I roped in my first cousin twice removed.) The exact wording of the declaration is obtainable from the Crown Office, a department of the central office of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Ask for Mr. Hunt. The commissioner's fee is normally half-a-guinea.

Fifthly, he would have to obtain a certificate from the Clerk of the Parliaments that his father had taken *his* seat; the fee in this case is 32s. 6d. I imagine there would be unspeakable complications if his father had never done so, but this problem, he assured me, would not arise.

Sixthly, he would have to run to earth his Letters Patent, the document whereby a peerage was originally vested (in G——'s case in 1868, though his Irish viscounty dates from 400 years earlier) in a subject by the Crown. It would be a large parchment scroll, I informed him, given "by Warrant under the Queen's Sign Manual," splendidly emblazoned with the royal coat-of-arms, and sundry heraldic devices, and inscribed in a fine copperplate hand unspotted by punctuation. He thought they were "probably" in a garage in Dublin, where a number of his personal effects were stored. I advised him to track them down.

Armed with these six vital papers, it is possible—not yet to sit—but to make a claim for a writ of summons, which is the next essential step. It is done through the Crown Office. I suppose it could be achieved through correspondence, but it is probably easier to go along to the Houses of Parliament, wherein the Crown Office is situated, and make the claim in person. Assuming all the documents have been correctly assembled, the writ is issued without formality—and, incidentally, without charge. The total cost of seating oneself is thus 67s., as far as collecting documents is concerned.

I pause to comment that not one of them requires the signature, or the photograph, let alone—heaven forbid!—the fingerprints, of the nobleman in question. There is therefore no certain way in which the Crown Office can be sure that the person who applies for a writ, and subsequently sits, is in fact a peer at all. A competent practical joker, if prepared to forge a signature or two, could acquire all the necessary papers, except only the Letters Patent, with little difficulty. So I hope that other unseated peers keep their Letters Patent more carefully.

G——'s next and final step is to take a trip to Westminster along with his writ, any day the House is sitting. No special dress is necessary; indeed, I once saw a peer taking his seat in a tweed jacket and grey flannel trousers, though this is not, perhaps, to be recommended. The tyro should enter the Chamber a few minutes before Prayers, and occupy a crossbench as inconspicuously as possible. It should be noted that though he may now have sat down, he has not yet taken his seat.

Rise when the Lord Chancellor enters, bow to him as he passes, stand or kneel (taking your cue from the other peers) as prayers are said, and then your moment comes. Admittedly it is a rather little moment, for there is no formality and little ceremony about it, and the noble lords present, as usual, affect complete indifference to the proceedings of the House.

Stand up boldly. Walk firmly to the Table. Hand your writ to one of the clerks there; in return he will give you a Bible, and a card on which the words of the Oath of Allegiance are printed. Enunciate them clearly, and then sign the roll, which the clerk will indicate to you. While this is going on, there will be a general buzz of conversation in the House and, like as not, no one will be looking at you, let alone listening to you. Approach, at last, the Lord Chancellor's awful presence. He will extend his hand in the friendliest manner possible; you will shake it, shaking, and you may then sit down. Or rather, you can take your seat—officially, this time.

After that, you are ready to start legislating. Imagine wanting to go to all the trouble of an election campaign instead!

ESPIONAGE:
MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM:
PRISCILLA CONRAN

COUNTER SPY

Italian fancies



Presenting new things to live with from the flood of exciting ideas for the home imported from Italy and on sale in London shops.

1 Classic Corinthian column in wood, with gold edgings, for a standard lamp. £14 from the General Trading Company.

2 Natural straw handbag, gill frame and handle, lined with red paisley. 7½ gns. Harvey Nichols' Little Shop.

3 Graceful wooden love-seat in lacquer red and gold. Finely-woven cane seat. £35 from Asprey, Bond Street. Also single chairs (£17 10s.) and armchairs (£32 10s.).

4 On the seat a beach hat in golden straw (2 gns.) and slung round it a pure silk scarf in Mediterranean blue (1 gn.). Both from Harvey Nichols' Little Shop.

5 Tall gill obelisks, also in various colours of marble. 11 gns. each from Peter Jones.

6 Pottery crescent plates (14s. 11d.) and salad bowl (59s. 6d.) with fresh green vine leaf pattern. There are patterns for breakfast and luncheon sets as well. All from Peter Jones.

7 Gilded wrought-iron coffee table, hand-made. Large pineapple with graceful trailing leaves supports a glass top. (18 gns.) Also in a larger size to order. Two other designs are also available in Peter Jones' Gift Department along with a variety of Italian hand-painted wooden furniture, wall brackets, etc.

8 Gay but practical log basket in varnished bamboo. £7 5s. from Liberty's.

9 Carved onyx cocktail glasses in a delicate shade of pale lime. In two sizes, £40 or £65 for six. There is a matching onyx leaf tray (not shown) at £25 10s. All from Asprey, New Bond Street.

10 The crazy touch—pottery black and white speckled cock and hen with scarlet combs. 4 gns. each at the General Trading Co.

11 Chain mail gill necklace. 3 gns. at Harvey Nichols' Little Shop.

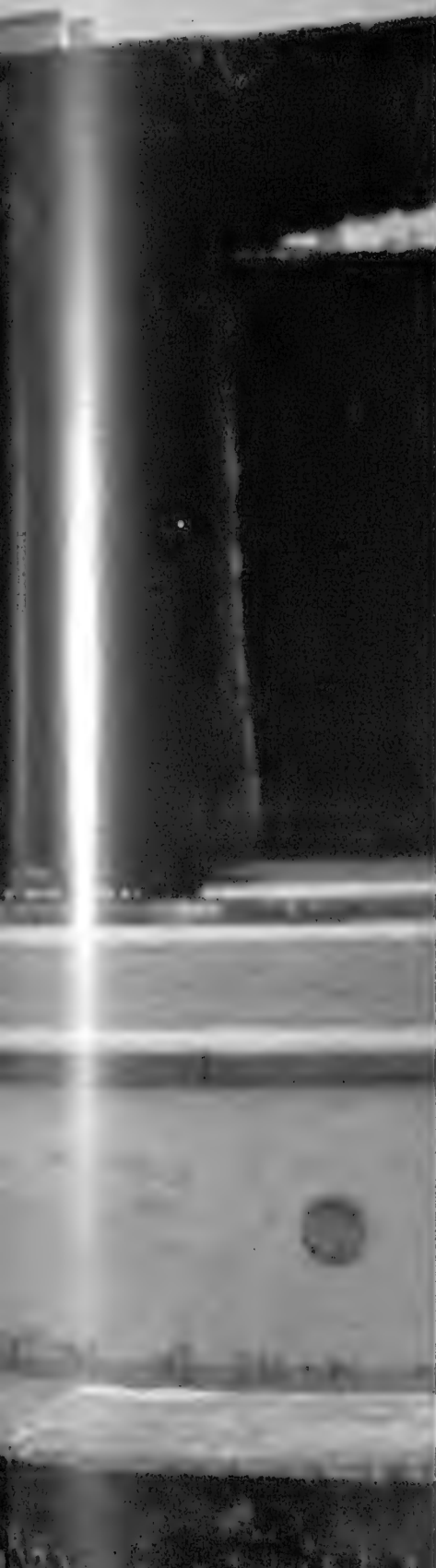


Italian resort wear owes a lot to Emilio Pucci, the Florentine Marquis who organized a personal revolution in colour and design. Pucci borrowed from the past as well—the shirts he printed with the heraldic emblems of the ancient Siena guilds sold the world over. This season he teamed puce pink with mauve while using the newest man-made fabrics as in the playsuit (opposite) of Helanca stretch nylon with a pure Orlon jacket. A matching pull-on hat tops the outfit. From Woollands, S.W.1

Fresh thoughts on beach wear flow from Russian-born Princess Irene Galitzine who designs a special Boutique collection for Harvey Nichols. She feels that the silk shirt has had its day and her designs for this summer include tunics of silk like the one below with its turtle neck. It is printed in toning shades of blue and sea greens and worn with white silk and wool mixture pants. This and other models can be bought from the Galitzine Boutique at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1

ITALIAN BEACHCOMBERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TENCA





Up-and-coming name among Italian resort wear designers is that of Gianni Baldini who lives in the fishing village of Santa Margherita, near Portofino, and designs and handprints fabrics that resist both sunlight and salt water. Baldini is a painter, too, with a current passion for variations on the tartan. Many Scottish motifs were seen in a show of his pictures in Florence earlier this year. The preoccupation recurs in the beach plus fours (opposite) of fine cotton printed with a tartan design in red and charcoal on white. It is included in the Portofino Beachwear collection of Baldini models now available at Debenhams & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1

ITALIAN BEACHCOMBERS

CONCLUDED

Newcomer to the front rank of Roman haute couture is Patrick de Barentzen, who designs in association with his partner, Monsieur Gilles. Barentzen's eye for dramatic colour—he can throw pink, pale yellow, Corinthian red and white with amethyst and get away with it—is as effective with beach wear as it is with his couture clothes. Example (right) is a three-piece of yellow towelling Bermuda shorts and a matching towelling coat faced with cotton satin in Harlequin diamonds of yellow, tan, beige and lavender grey. Most of Barentzen's beach wear is bought outside Italy by Americans, but visitors passing through Rome to the coast will find his Boutique at 8 Via S. Sebastianello worth a call



And the new fad diet, begun with enthusiasm, tends to end in failure two weeks later.

The angle for the girl in the picture is the newest in getting thin principles—exercise plus equipment geared to get you into shape. Heavy weights are used in the exercises when you want plus inches, light ones for minus.

She's dressed for action in a kit from Anello & Davide—black stretch leotard, tights and blocked ballet shoes. And she's balanced on an incline board at Figurine where there's an air of dedicated exercise amid blue carpet stretching to far horizons. In between: 27 tons of shiny machinery to make you over. New angle at Sylphana (7 Beauchamp Place) is a 33 r.p.m. record which is a best buy for out-of-London slimmers. The sleeve carries detailed instructions and pictures of how to exercise, the record provides the necessary rhythm to work to. It costs a guinea. Those within reach of Beauchamp Place can sample the thermal baths (much more comfortable than Turkish baths and the efficient), the vibro belts and the Continental machine mystically known as the G5 which gives deep rhythmic massage. The body isn't

all-important here—facials are given with products made specially for Sylphana. Vital statistics: spot treatments cost 2 gns. for an hour, a course of six, 10 gns. Body treatments cost £2 12s. 6d. for 1½ hours, 14 gns. for a course of six.

Angling for inches is easy too at the Town & Country Health Club (203 Brompton Road) where there is every sort of machine to help the easy way out on the vibrators and rollers but there is machinery for the energetic to try their muscles on, too. One inch all over isn't wishful thinking after about a month—in fact this is about the minimum you might expect. Two or three inches is a more realistic figure. Other refinements here are the steam baths, sun room and a health juice bar.

Annual membership costs £24. Opening times are 10 to 10 during the week and until 5 on Saturday. Angling for easy carriage and a general toning of muscles could mean a course of keep-fit classes at the Royal Ballet School in Colet Gardens where adult limbs are taught to exercise to music. A course of 12 evening lessons costs 8 gns.

ANGLING FOR

additional angles

Four angles on orange, fired by the dash of the house of Dior. They run from sunny to subtle in shimmery candy-floss permutations: 25, 35, 37 and 51. Place: any good chemist. Price: 8s. 9d. for a refill.

Fresh angle on off-colour hair from Demuth who are the first English manufacturer to tumble to the fact that what's needed is a really fine dry shampoo (the French thought up Kisby, the most-used product on my dressing table). Telephoned invitations with two hours' notice can be campaigned with a light dusting of Gem by Demuth which is brushed out after 10 minutes. It absorbs grease, and leaves my hair manageable and clean. Place: chemists again. Price: 2s. 9d. for three hearty servings.

Another slant, this time in aid of dry, brittle hair, is by French of London who has devised an olive oil shampoo treatment. The heated oil is applied to wet hair, and hair damaged through ill-treatment reacts favourably to being wrapped in a towel (previously wrung out in near-to-boiling water) and left so that the oil can continue its healing work for a few extra moments. Place: chemists or French of London's salons. Price: 1s. 6d. a sachet or 7s. 6d. for six shampoos.

Angled jet hair-garnish makes a right angle with the face and strictly emphasizes a fresh angle on hair from Michael. Soufflé light, layers of hair skim the head and trickle over the forehead. His hair angles are done with a beady eye for detail and general swishyness of line. P.S.: Never go there on a rainy day, it will break your heart. Place: L'elonge, Mill Street, Conduit Street. Price: 18s. 6d. for a shampoo and set.

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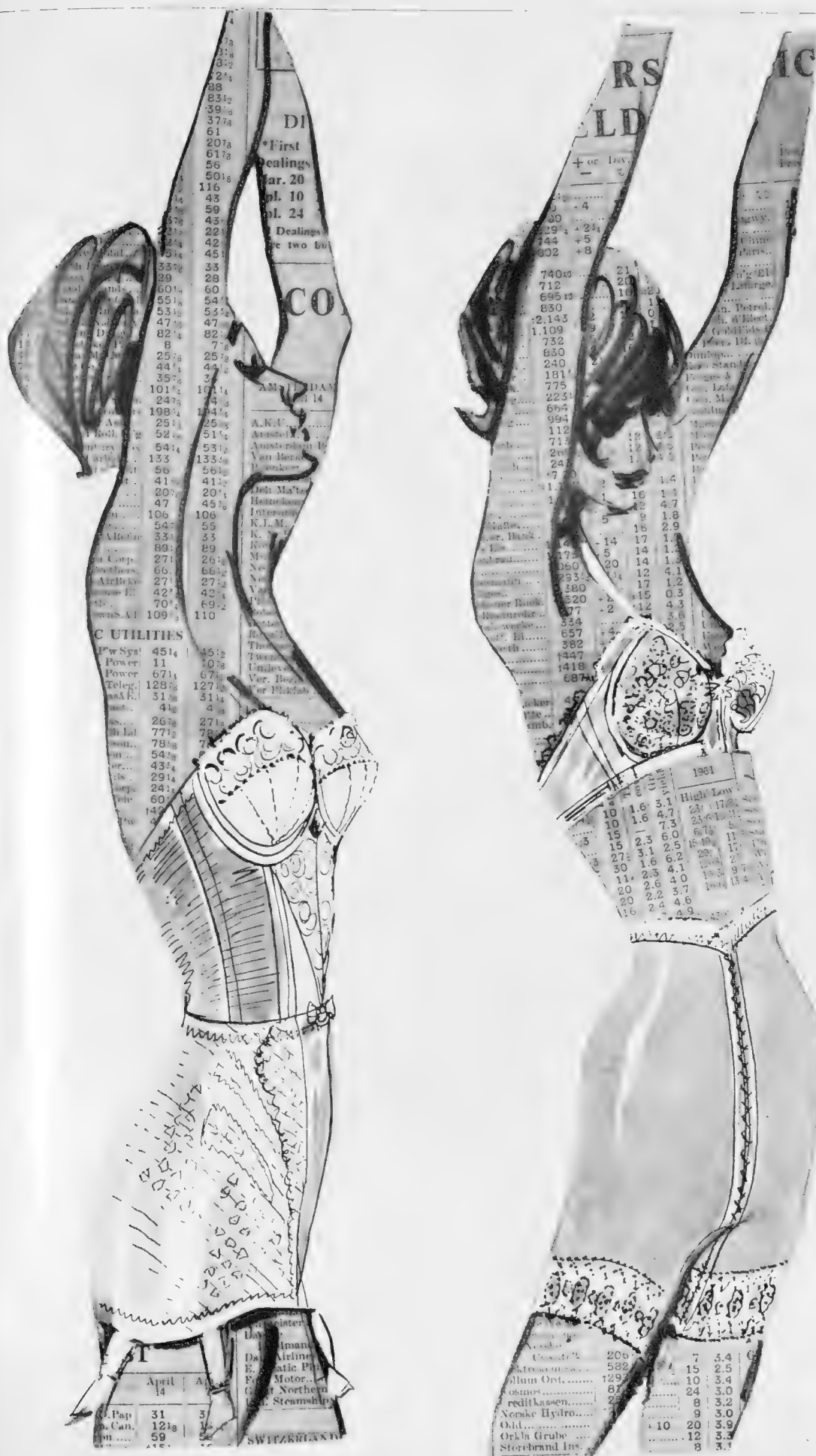
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Feather-weave nylon net with six-way control for Exquisite Form's Fanci Free girdle on the left. With it the firm's Contour Witchery bra, lightly boned, wearable with or without straps. Sizes: A 32"-36", B C 32"-38": girdle 39s. 11d., from Jays, Oxford Circus; Affleck & Brown, Manchester; Landport, Portsmouth. Bra 45s., only at Jays, Oxford Circus, W.1.

NEWS LINES

Lycra gossamer weave non-rubber stretch fabric new from Dupont for a boneless pull-on pantie by Au Fait. White only, in small, medium and large sizes, 4 gns. Au Fait's nylon satin and lace bra has the new "burr" fastenings. White only, 32"-38", A & B cups: 27s. 6d. Pantie and bra from Swan & Edgar, W.1; Chapmans, Bradford; Brights of Bournemouth

Newsprints
by
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revolution in colour + pattern for prettiness + discoveries

NEWS LINES

continued



Matching bra and girdle
by Lily of France in
shades of forget-me-not
blue, blossom pink and
black with white. Girdle
is Bri-Nylon jacquard
elastic net 52s. 6d. Banlon
stretch lace bra all sizes
with A B C cups, 28s. 6d.
Marshall & Snelgrove,
W.1, & branches

Bien Jolie's corselette
in Lycra with nylon
satin double front and
back panels and side
fastening with hooks and
a zip. White only, sizes
33"-42": £13 4s. 9d.
from Marshall & Snelgrove,
W.1; Cavendish House,
Cheltenham; Pettigrew &
Stephens, Glasgow

Fantasia Foundations
girdle in nylon elastic net
with supporting back and
front panels in nylon satin
and marquisette and insert
of pink lace under front
panel £2 9s. 6d. Matching
bra in nylon marquisette,
sizes: B & C cups 32"-38",
25s, Marshall & Snelgrove,
W.1. & most branches

in slip-ons + foundations for sports wear + shapes for summer



Slip-on corselette in nylon elastic net and lace by Scandale. Bra section and front panel are slotted with pastel ribbons to contrast with black and white of corselette. 32"-38", 5 gns., from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.l. & Birmingham; Jane Mason, Edinburgh

Featherweight girdle in Lycra with strong satin elastic double panels. By Bien Jolie, white only, 12 gns. Bra in embroidered nylon marquisette (white only) also by Bien Jolie, B & C cups, 58s. 9d. Both from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.l.; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Pettigrew & Stephens, Glasgow

New version of Warner's Merry Widow basque is in the new Lycra net and has front fastening with hooks and a zip. It has a deep V back and comes in white, black and scarlet at 7 gns. from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.l. and all their provincial branches

VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Altona. Royal Court Theatre. (Kenneth Haigh, Claire Bloom, Diane Cilento, Nigel Stock, Basil Sydney.)

The man in the mildewed room

WHEN M. SARTRE HAS FINISHED HIS latest novel or philosophic treatise and decides to write another, play his literary fluency becomes the enemy of his intelligence. There are six and sixty ways of expressing the same idea, and having found one he cannot help trying several others; or he will neatly turn the idea upside down, or perhaps inside out.

It was not always so. He began by writing plays like *Huis Clos* and *La Putain Respectueuse* that were brief, intensely concentrated and explosive, but latterly he has seemed to aim at the drama of huge dimensions, and in its original form *Le Diable et le bon Dieu* would have taken six hours to play. *Les Séquestres d'Altona*, now brought to the Royal Court Theatre as **Altona**, is far too long even for its subject—and that is the relation of the strange, guilt-tortured yet once again formidable Germany to the century which its violent actions have largely helped to shape.

But a play may treat a big subject arrestingly without itself being big, and the story of the Gerlachs—mighty shipbuilders indispensable in turn to Hitler, the Occupation forces and the present German government—turns out not to be one that requires three and a half hours for its development. It is, intermittently, an absorbing story; ruthlessly compressed by the author or even by the English producer it could have been wholly absorbing. It is the investigation of a mystery. The mystery is why the elder son of the Gerlachs, a former military officer, has cut himself off from humanity and lived, since he returned from the war, in an upstairs room of his father's house, sharing in his seclusion an incestuous love with the sister who looks after him.

The mystery is introduced in an admirable first act reminiscent in its carefully arranged little surprises of 19th-century stage storytelling. It is dominated by the

head of the Gerlachs, a tyrant who is also a realist and knows precisely when to gain his point without seeming to force it. He has only six months to live and he calls on his second son and his daughter-in-law to sacrifice their lives to take his place in the business and, more important, to protect the family name from scandal always threatening it through the presence upstairs of Franz who is officially dead.

The son has refused to see his father since he came back from the Russian front and immured himself. So the old man, sensing a kindred spirit in his daughter-in-law, encourages her to find a way into the forbidden room and beg Franz to see him once more before he dies.

We are naturally curious to know how Franz lives, and certainly it is an odd set-up. Bolted and barred in a room thick with mildew he spends his time justifying the Nazi conscience to an imaginary court of crabs settled on the ceiling, and a tape-recorder preserves his mental writhings for posterity. But the bizarre impression is soon made. It is necessary for Franz to believe that Germany is still being ravaged and starved by her conquerors, and Leni, his devoted sister, will tell him any lie that he wants to believe. But the slipping in of her sister-in-law, not as Leni has told Franz a hunchback, but a beautiful ex-film star, brings a touch of normality into the morbid atmosphere of the prison.

She is fascinated by the prisoner and is half-willing to share his demented illusions. But the jealous Leni, who knows her brother's real secret, reveals him as the torturer of Russian partisans, and this is too much for the enigmatic sister-in-law. Love offered and then withdrawn wearies Franz of his long sequestration, and he is at last willing to be taken in hand by his masterful father.

The best scene of the play is that in which the grim old man identifies himself with the son who has inherited his passions. There is no reason for the butcher of Smolensk to like himself, but there is every reason for the father of the butcher to take his son's guilt on himself. There is nothing to regret, no judge to answer to, but suffering has its own inexorable logic and it had better end for both of them in a car driven at 112 miles an hour straight at a tree.

The play has good acting parts. Mr. Basil Sydney is quietly forceful as the shipbuilding tycoon who shirks no responsibility and always has his way. Mr. Kenneth Haigh holds attention as the self-tormented Nazi and Miss Diane Cilento, nervy and raucous, is his



“ . . . and then—all of a sudden—I began to dig Victor Silvester”

passionately devoted sister. But the most difficult part is that of the ambivalent sister-in-law, and this—whether through the fault of Miss Claire Bloom or that of the author—fails to click into place.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Payroll. Director Sidney Hayers. (Michael Craig, Francoise Prevost, Billie Whitelaw, William Lucas.)

Very Important Person. Director Ken Annakin. (James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter, Godfrey Winn.)

Bernadette Of Lourdes. Director Robert Darené. (Daniele Ajoret, Nadine Alari, Robert Arnoux.)

Include me out of the lynching-party

IF I DO NOT ALTOGETHER APPROVE of **Payroll**, this has nothing to do with the fact that the earlier reels of this tough, brisk film could serve as a blueprint for a highway robbery in the modern style and might give the young and foolish heady notions. Any slight nudge towards a life of crime is properly counteracted: at least, the point that crime doesn't pay is solemnly made so, though we may be beginning to have our doubts on this score, honour and the censor are satisfied.

I will not cavil about that—but what seems to me downright dangerous, not to say immoral, is that the film favours swift personal vengeance as opposed to the slower processes of justice and the law. Heaven help society if we all accept the “do it yourself” principle here put forward and take to shooting down criminals with our own fair hands.

Mr. Michael Craig, dourly hand-

some, is the brains behind a well-planned (and excitingly carried out) payroll robbery in which the driver of a “bandit-proof” car is killed, by accident, and one of the robbers is fatally wounded and callously left to die by Mr. Craig—who gets clean away with his two other accomplices (edgy Mr. Tom Bell and quaking Mr. Kenneth Griffith) and £100,000.

While the police are methodically investigating the circumstances surrounding the robbery, the murdered driver's widow, Miss Billie Whitelaw, feverishly pursues a hunch of her own—that Mr. William Lucas, a jittery employee of the factory whose payroll was pinched, must somehow have collaborated in the crime. By spying on him, unnering him with anonymous telephone calls and letters, and driving him into a frenzy with the news that his wife (Mlle. Francoise Prevost) is unfaithful to him, Miss Whitelaw manages to lure him into betraying himself—and Mr. Craig.

Mr. Craig, who has by this time brutally disposed of Messrs. Bell and Griffith, is in the act of slipping out of the country when Miss Whitelaw, the avenging fury, catches up with and kills him, under the noses of the somewhat irritated cops, who were about to grab him anyway. Whether or not Miss Whitelaw is supposed to be regarded as a public benefactress I can't say; in my humble view, her hot-headed action should be sternly frowned upon and, to discourage possible emulation, rigorously punished. So there!

The film has been directed at a breathless pace by Mr. Sidney Hayers, the Newcastle setting is surprisingly interesting and picturesque—and I was happy to see Miss Joan Rice in a small but telling role: this sympathetic young actress has been far too long neglected.

I have seen none of TV's *This Is Your Life* programmes but I doubt if any of them has ever been as much fun as the one with which **Very Important Person** opens. It has Mr. James Robertson Justice at his most booming and bearish

as the distinguished and resentful "victim"—and Mr. Godfrey Winn as the sunny compère struggling manfully to make the thing go with a swing. I was so happy with this situation that I was quite disappointed to find it was merely a lead-in to a flashback story of a P.O.W. camp—though I hasten to say I readily resigned myself as the rest of the film proved equally entertaining.

Mr. Robertson Justice, a top Bolfin disguised as a simple naval lieutenant, is making a flight with the R.A.F. to see how effectively his newly-invented radar device works. The plane is damaged by flak and, through his own pig-headedness and despite his bulk, he is sucked out of a hole in the fuselage; he lands in the German countryside and is packed off to Stalag Luft 10—where he shares a hut with Messrs. Jeremy Lloyd, Peter Myers, John Ringham, Leslie Phillips (in fine, airy form) and Stanley Baxter (excellent as a glum Scot).

While stolidly maintaining that he is merely a modest lieutenant, Mr. Robertson Justice throws his weight about in such a way that his hut-mates suspect him of being something quite different—possibly, since he saucers the Germans in their own language, a stool-pigeon planted in their midst. A message received over their secret radio reassures them: it is from the Prime Minister himself, no less, ordering them to arrange forthwith for the escape of Mr. Robertson Justice. "Britain's most brilliant scientific brain."

Enthusiastically the chums introduce a great man to their tunnel—no human place is without one, it seems—but he has no intention of making his way out of the camp like anybody else: he will *pretend* to escape by that means but will, in fact, simply use the tunnel as a hide-out while he thinks up a more original get-away, to satisfy his own caprice.

In due course Mr. Robertson Justice comes up with a wizard idea. He and Messrs. Phillips and Lloyd will impersonate the three representatives of a Protecting

Power (Switzerland) who regularly visit the camp: the Senior British Officer will detain the genuine Commission for as long as possible—and meantime the three impostors will be escorted to the camp gates and seen off by Mr. Baxter, disguised as the Assistant German Commandant (a major, superbly played by Mr. Baxter in the first place).

The plan works like a charm—and even I, who do not care for war films, have to admit that this is an extremely jolly comedy, well-written by Mr. Jack Davies and brightly directed by Mr. Ken Annakin.

Mlle. Daniele Ajoret's performance in the title role of **Bernadette Of Lourdes** has a simplicity which makes the film worth seeing and the peasant girl and her visions (never shown on the screen) touching and credible.



Monk's Moods, Work, At the Blackhawk, by Thelonius Monk
The Jazz Messengers, by Art Blakey

Mainly Monk—the ingenious Thelonius

THE FIRST VISIT OF THELONIOUS Monk's quartet to this country is as likely to be heralded by a blast from the critics as it is by any trumpet blowing in acclamation. For one thing this pianist has worked for so long—nearly 20 years—in an aura of misunderstanding that he has acquired a state of mind where I think he enjoys being misunderstood. There is also the added problem that he has become a much greater composer than pianist. Reliable first-hand reports by pianists such as Mary Lou Williams confirm that Monk played much

more piano in the thirties than he has done for the past two decades. He does not crave indulgence for his present approach to the piano—the question of style, though distinctive to the listener, has never been an issue in Thelonius's musical existence, and he does not in any way try to emulate the technicians of modern jazz.

The fact is that Monk, infected by a desire to break away from the Teddy Wilson style of piano which prevailed in jazz in 1940, was one of the notable pioneers who for-gathered at Minton's Playhouse in the early days of bop, along with Charlie Parker and others who initiated a modest revolution in jazz styling. He never accomplished anything remarkable in the bop world until he turned his hand to composition, a field in which he claims to be almost entirely self-taught.

I doubt whether anyone else of his generation and style has tackled the fundamentals of jazz so sincerely or so successfully. I have heard him compared to Morton and Ellington in his approach to the problem of writing truly original themes for the special idiom of modern jazz. His works will survive on their merit, where others fail through over-complication and a basic inability to construct originality.

I shall quote three albums of recent release which provide a cross-section of Monk's work. You will hardly fail to notice that invariably the most interesting tracks are based on his own themes, and that these contain the peculiar angularity which stems from the early bop improvisations. Chronologically the first is a set of trio sessions made in 1952-54, **Monk's Moods** (32-119). Here the accent is on his piano, with Art Blakey's drums prominent on several tracks. Less important is a 1953-54 selection, where Blakey appears on the trio session, Rollins on other tracks, the whole entitled **Work** (32-115). Jumping to 1960, Thelonius is caught in an outstanding "live" recording at San Francisco's **Blackhawk**, working with his own quartet plus two guest artists (RLP12-323). One track, *Worry later*, seems to epitomize

all that Monk has to say on the contemporary scene. It is harsh, uncompromising composition, blessed with all the rhythm that his contemporaries try to discard, and at the same time carrying an open challenge to the complacent listener to sit up and listen and "dig."

Art Blakey, rated fifth best drummer in one of America's biggest popularity polls, has long been the guiding light behind the Jazz Messengers. His second billing to Monk's group on their present tour—they all opened at the Festival Hall last Saturday—must be slightly ironical when one recalls that two years ago his group was considered one of the best in America. Trumpeter Lee Morgan and pianist Bobby Timmons, mainstays of the present group, can be heard to advantage on their recent *Blue Note* album (4003).



Underdogs. Ed. Philip Toynbee. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.)

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, by Alan Dent. (Museum Press, 30s.)

A Mirror For Anglo-Saxons, by Martin Green. (Longmans, 18s.)

Death In Covert, by Colin Willock. (Heinemann, 15s.)

The King Of Athelney, by Alfred Duggan. (Faber, 18s.)

Inside Marriage, by Tomi Ungerer. (Evergreen Books, 3s. 6d.)

These dogs need barking practice

A VERY RUM BOOK—I DO NOT FEEL at all certain why it was put together—is **Underdogs**—it consists of pseudonymous contributions from "18 victims of society" and has been edited by Philip Toynbee who advertised for contributors and speedily received more than 500 replies in a fortnight. The essay-

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headings include "His Father a Drunkard," "Inadequate Education," "Seduced as a Girl," "Wife of an Impotent Husband," "Uncharm," and, with a faint air of surprise, "Mother of Four." The jacket calls Mr. Toynbee's notion a "delightfully original idea," which is at any rate one way of looking at it. To be harsh, the book seems to me simply a depressing mess and muddle, mostly because—and this sounds even harsher—merely to feel you are a failure and a "victim of society" is rarely enough to arouse interest, let alone compassion, in a reader if you are going to put it down on paper. You have to be at least something of a writer, too.

In this company, even the plot of *King Lear* could be made to sound like a dismal hard-luck story headed "Turned Out in Bad Weather by Daughters." The best essay in the book is the first, a simple, coherent, and well-written piece called "Crammer & Failure."

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the original Second Mrs. Tanqueray, was in Hollywood she met a handsome young actor and advised him to make a film. He told her his name was Joseph Schildkraut. Mrs. Campbell "winceed" and said "Then why don't you change it?" Alan Dent, a most devoted biographer—he edited the Shaw-Mrs. Pat letters and has now written *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, her life-story—quotes this as an example of her "wicked tongue." She had a reputation as a wit, but many of the stories about her seem rather to reveal colossal and unwitty bad manners. The early years of her professional life, when she was earning a living for herself and two children while her hopeless but endearing first husband wandered about digging for diamonds a long way off, are brave and touching. The end was sad—she grew fat, poor and unlovely and no one would work with her, which is not hard to understand.

I am not by nature easily disposed towards Grand Actresses who are if possible more dramatic off-stage than on it, and feel that the most rewarding kind of actress-biography would always be a nice fat picture-book with captions. Mrs. Pat looks stunning in all the photographs here, but no matter how many press-clippings Mr. Dent offers us from contemporary reviews—and he does Mrs. Pat proud—I had only the faintest impression of what her particular quality really was.

Martin Green was a working-class boy who went to Cambridge and emerged from it "completely transformed, a gilded youth." Looking back at England from America, the unwillingly gilded one has written a curiously remote and chiding book of reflections called *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons*. Mr. Green, who would be astonished to find how the old place has changed since he

went away, says that in films "only characters speaking B.B.C. English are to be taken seriously," and that England "does not take Ernest Bevin or Gracie Fields or D. H. Lawrence seriously, because they are not educated. . . . However much like Ernest Bevin or Gracie Fields your parents may be, you must become much more like Anthony Eden before you feel able to write a novel, or even to express an opinion about novels." Even more mysteriously, he says apropos Salinger, Mr. Adam Faith's hero and mine, too, "It remains to be seen how accessible his work is to Englishmen."

Mr. Green is very fierce about the deadness of England ("Life, nowadays, has an exclusively American accent") and becomes really upset at the memory of a grown-up game of Musical Chairs ("not a contemporary, not a fully real thing") played on board ship crossing the Atlantic. I felt a great deal of what he says would have been much to the point about 10 years ago, and even then a little more wit and a little less pomp would have helped the argument along.

Briefly . . . Colin Willock's *Death in Covert* is a real lulu of a blood, set in the thick of a marvelously bizarre shooting syndicate—the captain, when dressed for slaughter, wears a Grouse Helmet ("Was the hat, perhaps, to protect the wearer from an unusually heavy fall of grouse?"), with a silent dog whistle attached by silver chain to the lapel of his coat and a silent dog attached by an invisible chain to his heels. Mr. Willock is a very funny writer indeed, and uses his sharp little cleaver impartially upon shooting men, social pretensions, and the wilder frolics of the PR world. I like thrillers to be crammed with technical information, and after reading Mr. Willock one is terrifically informed about how to bring down anything that flies, especially with an impressive weapon called a muzzle-loader. . . . On the cover of Alfred Duggan's *The King of Athelney* there is a picture of the hero—King Alfred himself—morosely thinking about battles while the cakes burn (Mr. Duggan calls them buns, but they turn up all right in the narrative). Much as I admire Mr. Duggan, I found I could never become passionately involved with Alfred, and in spite of the crystal clarity of the prose, I never got the Ethelwulfs and Ethelreds and Ethelwolds satisfactorily sorted out . . . and lastly, a sweet, delicately savage, tiny joke in black, white and crushed strawberry called *Inside Marriage* by Tomi Ungerer, an artist with a spidery line and weird mind whose children's books I dearly love. His wilder scenes of married life owe a debt to Thurber, the acknowledged champion in this battlefield, but Ungerer has a poignant message all his own as well.

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

A fair question

Albert Adair

THE SECOND ANNUAL SPRING Antiques Fair opens at Chelsea Town Hall today. For many years an Antiques Fair has been held there in the autumn, and now it seems that the Spring Fair will be a regular institution. It is a good idea; spring after all is the season for fairs. But the question arises; are not two fairs a year at the same place one too many?

There are now six antique fairs every year in England. The most famous is the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition held at Grosvenor House in June. Before that, there are two curtain-raisers—the present one in Chelsea and, later, one at Kenilworth. Three others follow in the year's programme, at Harrogate, Kensington and Chelsea again. At the majority of these exhibitions standards are high, but dealers cannot ignore the possibility of a decline through a glut of fairs and a consequent relaxation of the rules and regulations originally set to maintain such standards.

There are 40 exhibitors at today's fair showing English and Continental furniture, and porcelain, glass,

bijouterie, clocks and barometers, ormolu, silver, paintings and drawings, and one of the best collections of maps in the country.

Maps, both ancient and new, exert fascination, and here there is a browse-worthy collection of hundreds, ranging in price from £1 to £30. Shown here is Ortelius's map of the world, a copper engraving, coloured by hand. Ortelius worked in Antwerp and was the best-known map-maker of the 16th century, though by trade he was a publisher.

This particular map, from his atlas, shows a vast land mass round both poles, though at that date it could not have been known that there was any land at the South Pole. Australia is shown as south of the Straits of Magellan, and wisely called a *Nondum Cognita*. Most striking of all is the very accurate drawing of the whole African continent. Ortelius's *Typus Orbis Terrarum* is priced at £28.

From writing about antiques to reading about them. I have been doing that in the fifth and allegedly final volume of *The Concise Encyclopaedia of Antiques*, published at



WALLACE HEATON

50s. by *The Connoisseur* of which Mr. L. G. G. Ramsey is editor. I say *allegedly* the final volume since I suspect that when the first appeared in 1954 it was designed as a single self-contained book and that it was its immediate and universal appeal on both sides of the Atlantic that prompted a second volume and then the others.

The fifth will appeal no less than its predecessors and the only reason I can see for its being the last is lack of further subject matter. The five volumes together form a fascinating survey of every conceivable

form of art collecting, and if there are any collectors who thought themselves overlooked, surely they are catered for in these latest contents which cover 36 subjects.

The object of these books, as Mr. Ramsey said in his original foreword, is to give essential primary knowledge supplied by writers who are all experts in their own spheres. They set out to fulfil the first needs of the amateur collector and they do it well both in printed word and photographic illustration, but make no mistake, these volumes are essential to the experienced collector,

MAN'S WORLD

Brioni the persuader

David Morton

THE AVERAGE ENGLISHMAN IS NOT normally susceptible to Continental influence in dress—probably because he has always had good reason to be satisfied with the homegrown product. In any case, until a few years ago there wasn't much to be influenced by. America crystallized the "Ivy League" look, but it caused few ripples in England probably because it owed so much to English tailoring anyway. And France, surprisingly, had little to offer worth copying, even though she leads in the field of women's fashion. How then to explain the fact that Italy now exerts an influence on world fashion in men's wear equal to that of Savile Row?

It started when English leaders of the men's clothing field were casting around for something to fill the vacuum left after the Edwardian style lost whatever prestige it had acquired. Italy alone had a new approach and if any one man can take the credit for his country's present enviable position in the tailoring world it is Signor Gaetano Savini-Brioni. He it was who

invented the short overcoat, who abolished the trouser turn-up, who introduced the narrow square ended tie, the light, rather pointed shoe and the short single-breasted jacket. Like every other innovator, Brioni has had to suffer the debasing of his ideas by others—winkle-picker shoes, too-tight drainpipe trousers, too-short jackets. The genuine Brioni style is anything but vulgar; basically it is a soft, natural line, the jacket rather short by English standards with a high, narrow lapel and three or four buttons—the Italians prefer to fasten the top two. Trousers are slim cut and without turn-ups.

But Brioni's clothes make generalization difficult. One of the most consistent trends in his designs is the use of warm, soft, light fabrics with a lot of colour in them; he loves bright colours and the most conservative of dark suits will have a lining of rich red or green. When Brioni started his shop in 1945 his first move was to contact textile manufacturers and buy up bolts of cloth which were exclusive in

design and quality. This policy persists today and Brioni clothes are made up of the best fabrics in the world. He buys from British mills as well as Continental ones, though it is unlikely that the British cloths will return to these shores.

The second consistent note is the fantastic attention to detail. This is partly noticeable in little gimmicks in his clothes. Brioni doesn't mass produce any one style and the prices in any case allow the buyer to expect some degree of exclusivity. The care of detailing shows in things like the buttoning inside left breast pocket with two spare buttons sewn next to it, the French bearer flap on the trousers and the loop at the top of the fly opening through which the bar of the belt passes to keep its place. Detailing of style is noticeable in innovations like boxed side pleats on his jackets and a slanting ticket pocket placed on the outside of the jacket pocket. Trousers are made with a single pleat to accommodate those to whom, in Signor Savini-Brioni's words, "nature has been a bit on the generous side," and the pockets slant at a natural angle—the wrist doesn't have to be bent to go in.

Woollands in Knightsbridge are the exclusive stockists of Brioni clothes in England and from May 10 they will have a Brioni fitter in attendance. I had a preview of the stock which had just been

uncreated and it was amazing how crease-free the clothes were, even without the ironing they will get before being sold. Suits sell at about 39 gns., so they aren't cheap, but the quality of tailoring and finishing is remarkable. A wool (40 per cent) and mohair (60 per cent) dinner jacket costs 45 gns. Jackets, perhaps in black wool bouclé or dark wool and cashmere, cost mostly around 27 gns. There are some handsome ties—not all straight ended—for 47s. 6d. and cotton polo shirts with long sleeves in green, brown or purple. The striped wool polo cardigans—a sort of open polo shirt—are worth a look, too; the trademark of Brioni, by the way, is a polo player. Woollands have also got some evening shirts by Brioni in cotton voile with $\frac{1}{8}$ in. pleats, beautifully executed, for 9 gns. Or perhaps a reversible silk shantung dressing gown—this man makes everything—for 35 gns.?

Looking round London, Brioni can be blamed for an awful lot of misunderstood clothes, but the genuine Brioni look is imaginative and immaculate. Not for nothing did he receive three international awards last year. And finally, he is the only tailor I know to achieve the same accolade as the French couturiers. Italian fashion doesn't mean a street—like Savile Row. It doesn't mean a store like Brooks Brothers. Just a name. Brioni.

DINING IN

Salad, sauce & salmon

Helen Burke

IN A RESTAURANT RECENTLY I ASKED the aged waiter if he would bring the olive oil, vinegar and mustard so that I myself could make the dressing for my simple lettuce salad. I overheard him telling his assistant that Madame did not trust their vinaigrette. How right he was! Seldom does one get a salad with a dressing so bland that it does not spoil the taste of the wine. Purists, of course, will say that we should never drink wine with any food containing vinegar—and they are right. But I also dislike most vegetables I get in restaurants and, before tackling a salad, wait until the wine has been consumed, unless it happens to be a red one and I reserve a little for the cheese.

As I have recently written about the "usual" salad dressing, let me mention some others. For instance, when I was mixing my dressing the venerable waiter remarked: "I do not use this dressing at all." When I asked him what he did use, he gave me what he called his "ideal"—thickish cream, lemon juice and sugar. This, as it happened, was

my father's favourite salad dressing. And an old lady relation of mine, quite a gourmet, always used this dressing, with full-cream evaporated milk in place of the cream.

But my friend, Edward, one of the best amateur cooks I know, has something else. He uses pineapple juice. He lived for many years in Malaya and says that, once you have used fresh pineapple juice you will never go back to vinegar. "You just cut the top off a fresh pineapple," he says, "and squeeze the juice from it over the salad." He does not even use oil. "When I want a green or mixed salad, I want to taste it, without oil." He may be right.

I am always saying and writing that salmon should be cooked as plainly as possible—grilled (on one side only) and served with *maître d'hôtel* butter or poached and served with Hollandaise sauce. In Normandy, however, a week or two ago, we were served with salmon poached in wine and fish stock. With it went Béarnaise sauce. The garnish was *Pommes Noisette* and

fried parsley, that somehow was absolutely right. Anyone can deep-fry good-sized sprays of parsley if it is remembered that they must be thoroughly dry in the first place. Any moisture on them could cause unpleasant spluttering of fat. The professional kitchen does not seem to worry overmuch about this, but it could be dangerous.

BÉARNAISE SAUCE is usually served with grilled steak. For 4 people, start with a finely chopped shallot, a teaspoon of chopped tarragon, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of mild wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dry white wine and a little salt and pepper. Reduce them over heat to one-third of their original quantity.

Strain this through a fine nylon sieve into a basin or double saucepan and place it over, but not touching, hot water. Stir in 3 egg yolks, beaten with a teaspoon of cold water. As the sauce begins to thicken, gradually add 6 oz. fresh butter, previously cut into small pieces. The sauce will thicken considerably, when it should be removed. In the restaurant kitchen this sauce would be passed through a sieve, but this is not often done in the home kitchen because of the shortage of "hands." Add a good pinch each of chopped tarragon and chervil and it is ready to be served.

This sauce, in common with Hollandaise, should never be allowed to become hot, or the result

will certainly be scrambled eggs.

POACHED SALMON DRESSED WITH CREAM SAUCE. Have a piece of the tail end large enough for 4 to 5 servings. Poach it in water to which have been added a sliced shallot, a good spray of parsley, 1 to 2 wine glasses of dry white wine or pale dry cider and salt and pepper to taste. When cooked, leave for a few minutes in the stock while preparing the sauce.

Melt a piece of butter the size of a small egg in a saucepan, and blend a dessertspoon of flour into it. Remove and add up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the strained stock. Return to the heat and simmer while stirring until the flour is cooked, and the sauce resembles a very thin cream.

After removing the skin and bones, place the fish in a heated serving-dish.

Beat together 1 to 2 egg yolks, 2 to 4 tablespoons of double cream and a squeeze of lemon juice. Add 2 tablespoons of the sauce, to take off the shock of the heat, then stir the mixture into the remaining sauce. Heat through but do not allow to boil.

Pour the sauce over and around the salmon and serve with the tiniest plainly boiled potatoes, turned in butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley.

If you like this sauced dish may go under the grill for the surface to become slightly brown-flecked.



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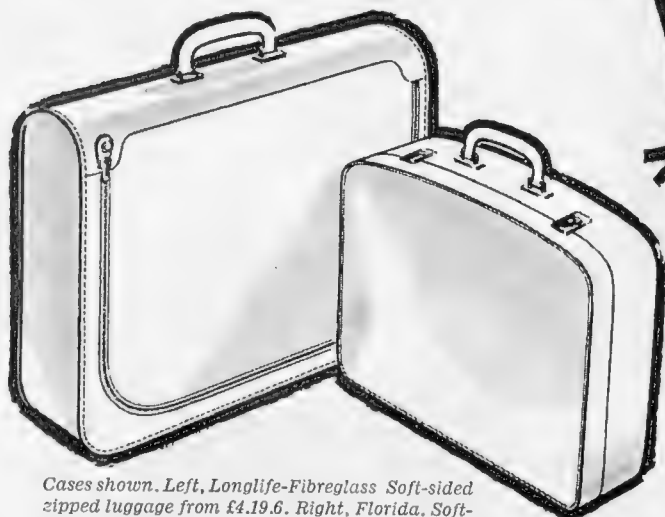
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MOTORING

The Alfas will invade

Gordon Wilkins

THERE IS NO MORE FAMOUS ITALIAN car than the Alfa-Romeo. But since the war the Alfas have been a rare sight on British roads, and this has been partly due to our high import duty and purchase tax, which roughly doubles the price for the British buyer. Other foreign manufacturers, though, have fought successfully against this handicap, while Alfa-Romeo, a nationalized concern, have shown a bureaucratic disregard for modern methods of publicity and salesmanship. However, there has now been a change of policy. Right-hand drive versions of some of the Giulietta models are being produced and prices have been slashed by hundreds of pounds as the first step in a new sales drive on the British market. For example, the right-hand drive Giulietta T.I. saloon is now available at £1,595, a cut of £333 compared with the previous figure for the left-hand drive model. This brings this 100 m.p.h. 1,290 c.c. saloon within reach of many who have not hitherto been able to consider owning an Alfa.

While I was in Switzerland recently Dr. Sala, son-in-law of Alfa-Romeo's new managing director, who now heads the Swiss sales organization, lent me two of the latest models to try. The first was the new 2,000 coupé, an elegant and beautifully finished car in the best Italian tradition. The instrument panel is lightly padded at top and bottom, windows work electrically by push-buttons, the doors open by finger grips on the arm rests, and the front passenger has a handle in the roof to grip. Front headroom and legroom are generous and there is a screw adjustment for backrest angle. Pedals rise from the floor at a right angle and there is a nice long spoon-shaped accelerator. Legroom in the rear seats is reasonable when there is a medium-sized driver at the wheel but headroom is not particularly great. The trunk is a fair size and opens right down to the bumper—so it is easy to load.

These two-litre Alfa-Romeos are sometimes criticized because the continued use of the four-cylinder twin-camshaft engine savours of putting old wine into a new bottle. But it is beautifully silent and smooth and is accompanied by a superb five-speed all-synchromesh gearbox worked by a central sports-type lever.

It is possible to do about 47 m.p.h. in second gear, 70 in third and 95 in fourth. Five gears may sound rather a lot to manipulate but in fact fifth is an overdrive and can be treated as such, except that one has to use the clutch to engage it

instead of flicking a switch. It gives a maximum of about 108 m.p.h. The 2,000 is not a car for those who dislike changing gear altogether, but it is quite flexible enough to be enjoyable even when one is feeling tired or lazy.

Though Alfa-Romeo have not yet adopted disc brakes, they use Girlings with special light-alloy drums. The pedal travel is long but it gives a light action. Roadholding is what one would expect from a firm with vast experience of building racing cars but it has not been obtained at the expense of a hard ride in town, and at the price of £3,129 2s. 6d. tax and duty paid, it should attract a lot of attention.

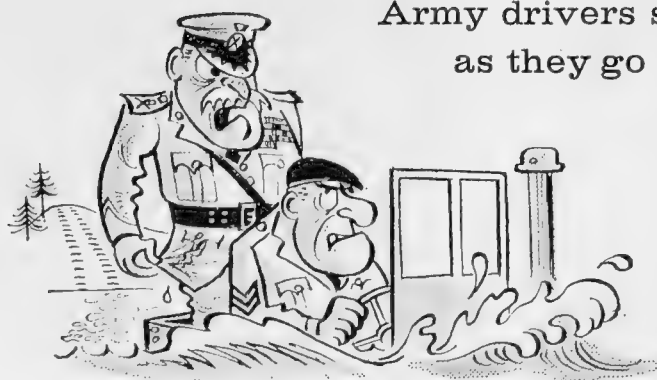
The Giulietta Sprint coupé, which now comes down to £1,979, is widely known as one of the prettiest small sports coupés ever produced and Bertone has built many thousands. For some time they could not match the reputation for reliability of their great rivals, Porsche. Owners I knew had trouble with the electrical system, shock-absorber mountings and other chassis parts, but there has been plenty of time to put all that right. Increasing demand has also brought new models into the range: the Spyder and Hardtop coupé by Pininfarina and the beautifully streamlined Sprint Speciale coupé which Scaglione designed and Bertone now builds.

Hottest Giulietta of all is the new short, squat, snub-nosed SZ coupé with body by Zagato which I also tried in Switzerland. I just cannot imagine a better machine for fast mountain motoring and it is easy to see why it won the Alpine Rally on its first time out. It responds quick as thought to every touch on the control, hurtles from a standstill to 100 m.p.h. in half a minute and stands out in my mind as the most exciting small sports car I have ever driven. It is also the most expensive Alfa-Romeo on the British market, costing £3,327 tax and duty paid.

A SUNBEAM STEP-UP

Sunbeam Rapiers are now being delivered with an engine of 1,592 c.c., similar to that of the Alpine, instead of 1,494 c.c. Besides giving a slight increase in power and torque which means greater flexibility, the new engine is of stronger construction and is fitted with a new type of clutch. There is also a stronger anti-roll bar on the front suspension to improve the roadholding. The price on the home market, including purchase tax, goes up by £13.

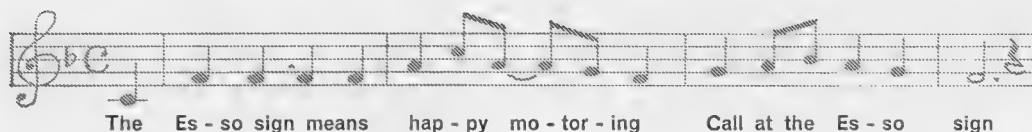
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as the reason why
they win,



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when the Saints
come marching in—



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Weddings

TOM HUNTER

Shepherd-Cross—Hodson: June, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. M. Shepherd-Cross, of the Old Rectory, Brandsby, Yorkshire, was married to Capt. Patrick Richard Hodson, Rifle Brigade, younger son of Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt., & Lady Hodson, of Holybrooke, near Bray, Co. Wicklow, at All Saints', Hovingham. *Back:* Lady Hodson, Mr. & Mrs. Shepherd-Cross, the bride and groom, Sir Edmond Hodson, Mr. Michael Hodson (best man); *middle:* Marion Hodson, Kitty Hodson, Jeremy Deane, Simon Lanyon, John Birkin, Anne Swannell, Carinthia West; *front:* Sarah Worley, Louise Loring, Ione Pearson-Adams, Gillian Shepherd-Cross and Penelope Shepherd-Cross.



Miss Susan Hare Brooks to Mr. Richard Coulthurst North. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. K. Brooks, of Hillcrest, Wilverdale, Lanes. He is the only son of the late Major & Mrs. E. T. T. North, of Newton Hall, near Carnforth, Lanes.

VANDYK

Miss Jane Berry to Mr. Noel Mobbs. She is the second daughter of the Hon. Lionel & Lady Helen Berry, of Blackwell Hall, Chesham, Buckinghamshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Mobbs, Bramleys, Little Kinross Hill, Bucks.

VANDYK



Engagements

Humphreys—Wills: Susan Eleanor Mary, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. L. Humphreys, and of Mrs. Humphreys, of Croft House, Manorbier, Pembrokeshire, was married to Ronald Henry Nicholas, only son of Sir Gerald Wills, M.P., & Lady Wills, of Clouds Lodge, East Knoyle, Wiltshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. F. Akel and
Miss E. Lovett**

The engagement is announced between Frederick, son of the late Mr. J. B. Akel and of Mrs. Akel, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Eve, daughter of the late Mr. R. C. Lovett and of Mrs. Lovett, of the Royal Over-Seas League, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

**Mr. D. J. R. Manley and
Miss J. M. Howell**

The engagement is announced between Duncan, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Russell Manley, of Heath Close, Banstead, and Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Howell, of Cornwall Road, Cheam.

**Mr. J. F. Smith and
Miss V. Hollingworth**

The engagement is announced between John Frederick, son of Capt. F. W. A. Smith, of Slough, and Mrs. M. O. Smith of Ashted, and Valerie, only daughter of the late Ernest Hollingworth and of Mrs. Hollingworth, also of Ashted.

**Mr. J. H. Morgan and
Miss E. J. Shiell**

The engagement is announced between Julian Hedley, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hedley E. Morgan, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, and Edith Janet, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Shiell, of 42 Hollycroft Avenue, London, N.W.3. The marriage will take place quietly on Saturday, May 10.

**Mr. R. Herd and
Miss E. Paige**

The engagement is announced between Robin, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Herd, of Piets Cross, Ross-on-Wye, and Eve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colston Paige of Treboul, East Cliff Road, Dawlish.

**Mr. D. S. Hyndman and
Miss F. G. Milne**

The engagement is announced between Derek, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyndman, of 24 Sheepcote, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire, and Gay, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Milne, The Old Manor, Theberton, near Leiston, Suffolk.

**Mr. R. F. Adeney and
Miss J. L. Reynolds**

The engagement is announced between Robin Field, son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Adeney, and Joanne Lesley, younger daughter of the late Mr. Leslie Reynolds, and of Mrs. Vivien Reynolds, of Cadogan Square, London, and Sandbanks, Dorset.

**Mr. D. Graham and
Miss W. A. Howard Jones**

The engagement is announced between Donald, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham, 24 Sunninghill Close, Hove, and Waveney Ann, daughter of Mrs. Howard Jones and the late Mr. Albert J. Jones, of 54 Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.

**Mr. I. H. S. Bryant and
Miss L. A. M. Brudenell-Dale**

The engagement is announced between Ian, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Bryant, of Little Mill, East Peckham, Kent, and Lois, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brudenell-Dale, of Murrayfield, Myton Road, Warwick.

**Lieutenant W. Raymont, R.A.N., and
Miss P. C. Irvine**

The engagement is announced between Warwick, son of the late Commander W. D. Raymont, R.A.N., of Adelaide, South Australia, and Patricia Cameron, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Irvine, of Drum Oak, York Crescent, Torquay.

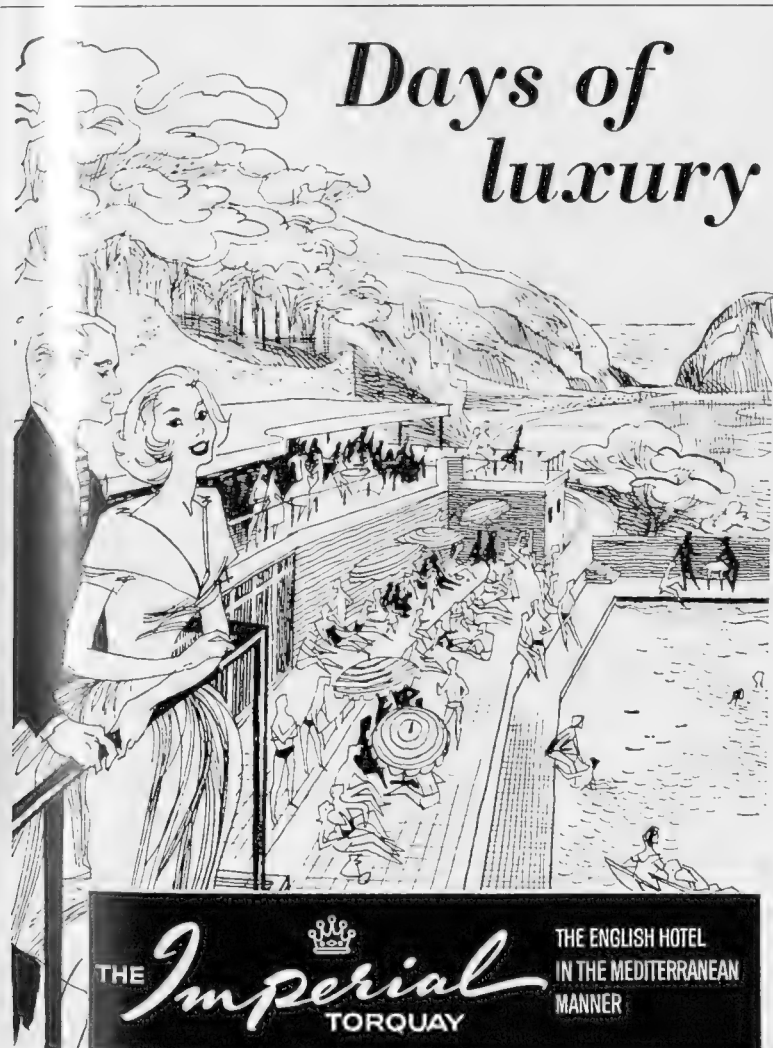
**Mr. C. P. Smith and
Miss A. R. Eedle**

The engagement is announced between Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smith, of The Bakehouse, Bledington, Oxford, and Ruth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Eedle, 35 Stile Hall Gardens, London, W.4.

**Mr. D. Griggs and
Miss K. R. Nathan**

The engagement is announced between Donald, son of the late Mr. H. C. Griggs and of Mrs. Griggs, of Bosham, Chichester, Sussex, and Kathleen Rosina, younger daughter of the late Mr. Charles Nathan, C.B., and of Mrs. Nathan, of Chearsley, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire.

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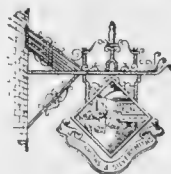
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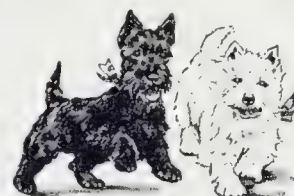
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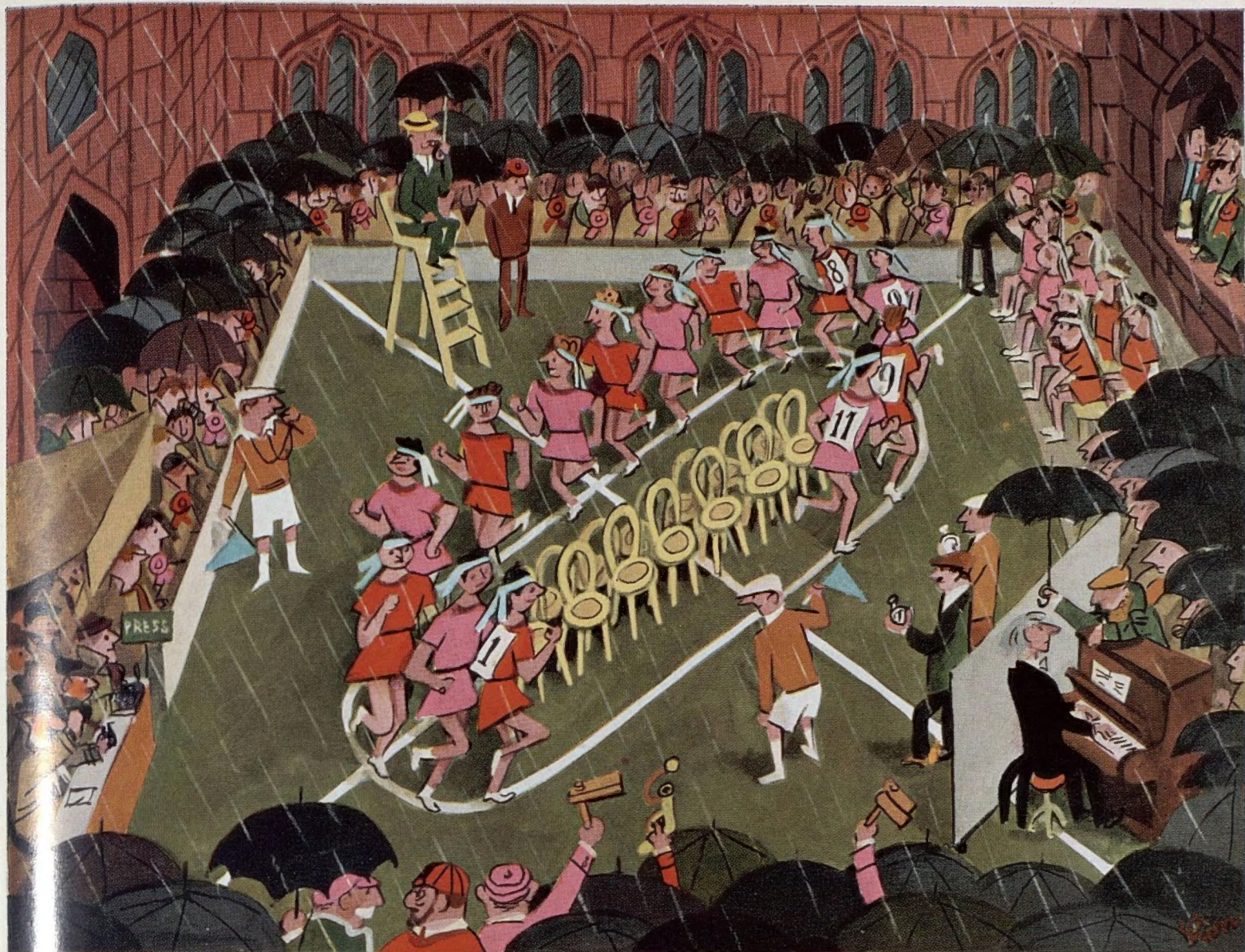
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The Unibersity of Schweppshire



MUSICAL CHAIRS WEEK. Every year, at the height of the Schweppshire summer, the colleges meet each other in their traditional university sport. This year is the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of these games, and the rivalry is keen, even though Old Keys have maintained their position as head of the chair run for one hundred and twenty-eight consecutive years. Traditionally, the seats or "fits" still bear the shape of the Louis Schwept chairs originally used; and the piano must be played with the soft pedal down to approximate to the tone of the original virginals.

During actual play the college men shout encouraging cries which seem Greek to the uninitiated. "Boast your rims, Huggers," or that never-to-be-forgotten chant "Bo-untz, bounce-bounce-bounce". Religiously, every year old Pinks return to the scene of former glories to discuss the contrasting merits of "parlours," as the chair-meadows are called. Everybody who is anybody knows that the diagonal of All Keys is slightly on the skew, and that the holding qualities of the turf or quad-grass of St. Beavermere's is unreliable. Schwisden's Musical Chairs Almanack is full of strange records and extraordinary coincidences, and woe to the visiting relative who does not know the different accomplishments of Mold (G. W.) and Mold (A. G. K. O.). Particularly valued are the trophies of Mold (T. T. de P.).

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



The moment I fell in love

At four-sixteen I'd never seen a ship. At four-seventeen, I had. *And I was in love.*

She loomed above the muddle of warehouses and quays like some serene white swan. As we drew nearer, I could see people moving, waving, walking up the gangway. Soon I would be one of them.

Nothing has ever quite touched that moment for me. Nothing, not even the fun, and the laughter, and every-

thing that made that nine-week trip "the long way round" to San Francisco so magically, astonishingly memorable. When I look back on that sunny succession of ports of call—when I think of the blessed hours I spent energetically doing nothing—when I remember the friends I made, the meals I enjoyed, the games I played, I feel like going back and starting all over again. Right from the very first moment I fell in love.

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